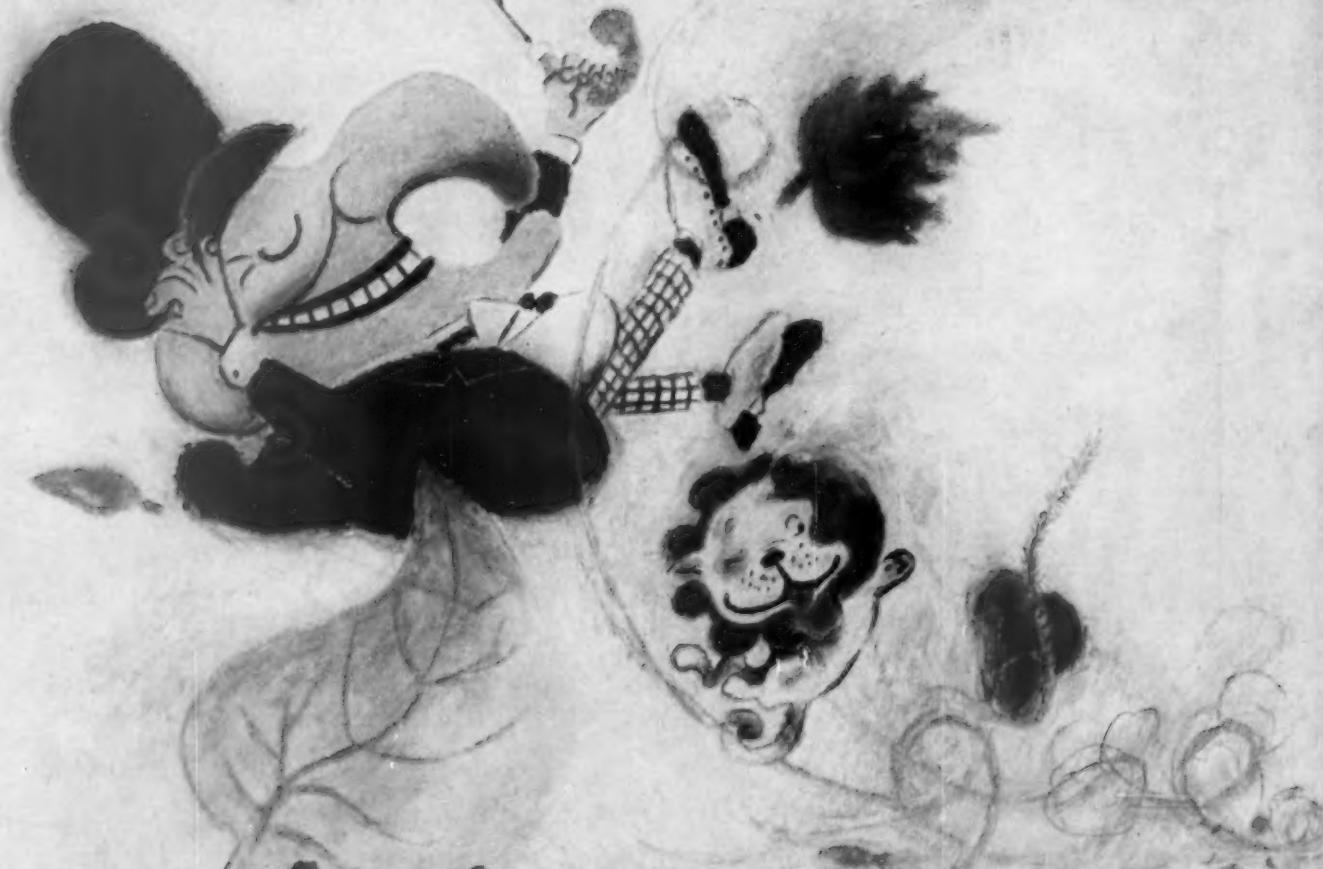


PUNCH

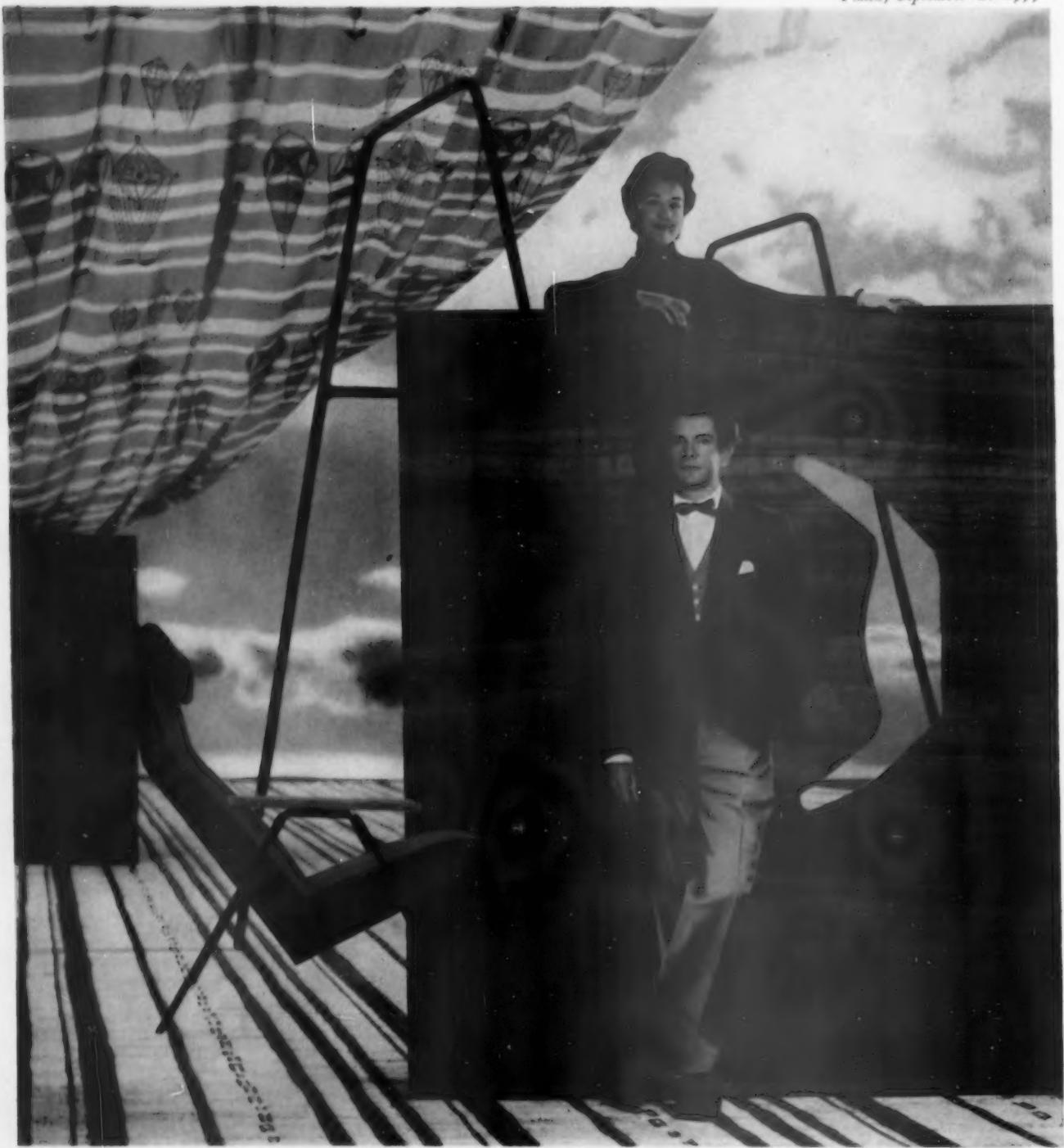
Nothing



Autumn Number



1/-



When not actively engaged in designing highly individualistic furniture and textiles, ROBIN and LUCIENNE DAY are apt to be entertaining visitors from Europe or America. For this purpose they both agree that SMIRNOFF VODKA, either on its own, well iced, or as a base for long or short drinks, is an offering which is invariably accepted with alacrity.

In two strengths 65.5° and 80° proof, 34/- and 40/- a bottle.



Material assets

With parade-ground precision the tight packed slings move past. Suddenly they blossom into clusters of falling logs—and ever higher grow the storage piles.

We are at Bowaters' Kemsley Mills — for many years the home of Britain's only groundwood pulp mill. *Now a second is being built at the Mersey Mills.* Across the Atlantic, too, at Bowaters' Newfoundland and Tennessee mills, *more massive pulping equipment is being installed.* And in the forests of Canada, Tennessee, Scandinavia and Great Britain the tempo of felling and re-planting quickens as Bowaters' international development programme gets under way, with six great new paper-making machines setting the pace of progress. New power stations are building, new ships and docks, new factories, offices and laboratories. An increased production of some 400,000 tons of paper a year shows the measure of the expansion which is taking place under the longbow-and-wave of Bowaters.

Bowaters 

THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED





Armand and Michaela Denis, the explorers and producers of T.V. adventure films, use Smiths de Luxe watches on their African Expeditions

T.V.'s Explorers choose Smiths de Luxe for Central Africa

A.258
17 jewel watch. Chrome front, stainless steel back. Luminous hands and spots. £10.10.0.



B.833
Lady's 15 jewel 9 ct. gold watch. In presentation case, £17.17.0.

"I chose Smiths watches on the recommendation of members of the Everest expedition", writes Armand Denis, "and although they were subjected to rough usage, extremes of heat and cold, and regularly immersed in water, they kept perfect time". Smiths de Luxe watches are sold exclusively by Jewellers from £8.19.6 to £63.0.0 All have the PERMALIFE unbreakable mainspring and the movements are UNCONDITIONALLY guaranteed for one year.



A 'SMITHS OF ENGLAND' PRODUCT

SMITHS BRITISH WATCHES, WATERLOO ROAD, LONDON, N.W.2. The High Grade Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

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- ★ CONCENTRATED for economy
- ★ MENTHOLATED for coolness
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- ★ SUPER-FATTED for abundant lather



These four points tell the story of an Ingram shave—a tale with no sting in it. Ingram treats your face as it softens your beard, thanks to the copious lather and the lotion it combines. There's nothing cooler, nothing smoother than an Ingram shave. Try Ingram today!

INGRAM combines
its own face lotion

2/8
A TUBE



INGRAM
THE ORIGINAL
MENTHOLATED LATHER CREAM



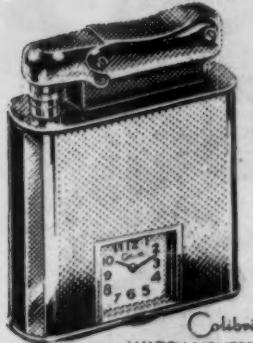
Wherever you go, the wide world over, you will find Drambuie awaiting you like a friendly gesture from home. Since 1745 Drambuie has been made from the secret recipe of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Drambuie

The Drambuie Liqueur Co Ltd York Place Edinburgh



Calibri
POCKET LIGHTER



Calibri
WATCH-LIGHTER

Calibri MONOPOL

In a class beyond compare!

COLIBRI LIGHTERS LTD., 69/70 WARREN STREET, LONDON, W.I.



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Wherever
there gathers



a cover of Underwriters



Church's famous English shoes

Leathers, lasts and styles to fit the occasion, the mood and the man

Shown here are

'Messenger', black or brown calf, 8/-.
'Diplomat', brown or black calf, 5 gns.

From authorised Agents throughout the country.

For nearest address write CHURCH & CO. LTD., DUKE ST., NORTHAMPTON

* We have a small compendium of assembly terms for fish, flesh, fowl, and fellow man. A copy is yours with our compliments, from any of our Agents or direct from us.

GRUNDIG

**bring 3-d to tape
recording . . .**



Model TK820/3D

98 gns

Plus microphone (from 6) gns
Attractive H.P. Terms

Why I bought a Grundig...

If I explain that there were fifty-two and nine-twelfths reasons why I bought a Grundig you'll understand that it isn't a coincidence that I shall be fifty-three in three months time. In fact I've got to the age where it seems to me that being a serious music lover ought to be a simple affair.

I look at my Grundig, I switch on and I'm surrounded with music from three speakers—three-dimensional reproduction they call it—just like that.

I have to chuckle when I think of the early days. You see, music lovers like me are half technicians too. In pre-electric recording days we used to build enormous and complicated acoustic speakers to get the most out of the old soundbox and good reproduction was a matter of loyalty rather than fidelity.

And then more recently it was pickups and thorn needles and then sapphires and speakers set in solid concrete and wires and more wires.

And the silly thing was that I hardly ever got around to hearing music. Nothing was ever quite finished. Ask my wife. She had to dust the place.

Then one day I saw a Grundig "Specialist" in the local dealers. I asked for a demonstration. Listening to music on a "Specialist" is delightfully uncomplicated. In fact, in a moment of shattering honesty I had to admit that it was a lot better than my own set-up. I could hear the instruments separately, they were full and round, there wasn't any "tizz" on the violins.

It seemed to me to be the nearest to *living sound* outside the concert hall that I had ever been—or ever shall be, for that matter.

That's why I bought a Grundig.

Write for this folder to
GRUNDIG (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
Dept. F., 39/41 New Oxford Street,
London W.C.1.

(Electronics Division, Gas Purification & Chemical Co. Ltd.)
Please send me a copy of your informative folder on the
TK820/3D tape recorder and its useful accessories.

NAME

ADDRESS



THE CHAIRMAN SPEAKS

'Pricing ourselves out of foreign markets is an ever-present danger'



SAYS
HALFORD
REDDISH

“ We are dependent in this island, probably to a greater extent than any other nation, on the export of our manufactured goods and we have to face the ever-present danger of pricing ourselves out of the foreign markets which are so essential to our existence. Competition from other countries, particularly Germany, is becoming increasingly keen. We should indeed be warned by the experience of other nations in the past, but alas! how very rare it is for human beings to learn from the experience of others. ”

Extract from the Annual Statement of the Chairman—The Rugby Portland Cement Company Ltd. Published in 'The Birmingham Post' May 2nd 1955

Companies wishing their reports and statements to reach a wide and influential audience throughout the United Kingdom's most important manufacturing centre, publish them in...

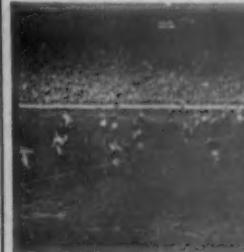
The Birmingham Post

LONDON OFFICE: 22 FLEET STREET EC4

for men
of action



FORWARDS RUSH for Lentheric quiet, perfect grooming. There are many fine packs to choose from.



THE TRIPLE CROWN of good grooming is "Three Musketeers". Choose any three from six. Details below.



CROWDS already applaud Lentheric. Join the supporters' Club by following up their example.

Lentheric

Other items in the Lentheric range for men include After Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne, After Shave Powder, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, Brilliantine, Lather Shaving Cream, Shaving Bowl, Men's Soap and composite-packs, "Overnighter" and "Huntsman" Set. From chosen stockists.

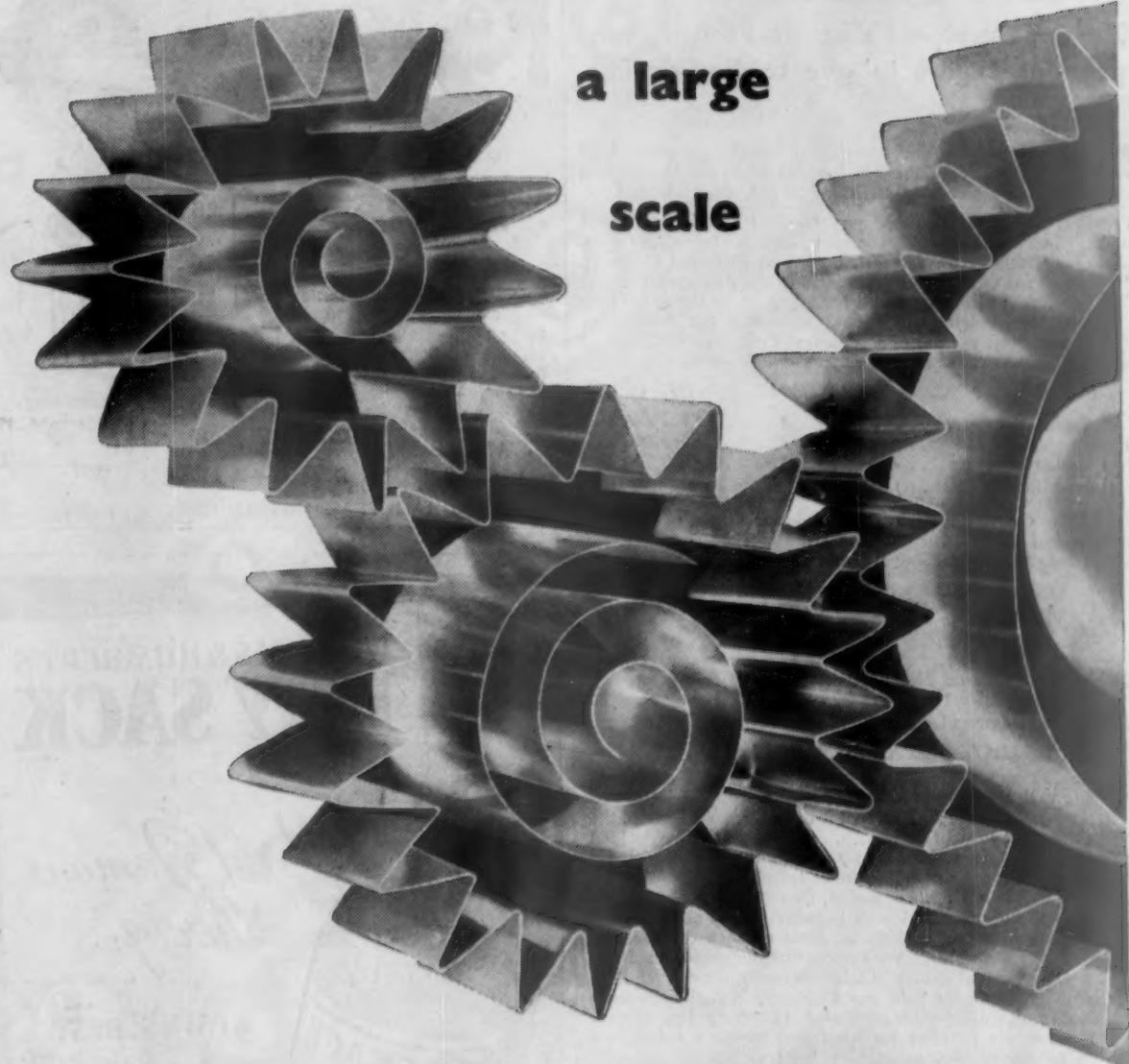


"Three Musketeers". A well-matched trio for masculine freshness. Available in any combination of three, from After Shave Lotion, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, "Tanbark" Cologne, Brilliantine & After Shave Powder. Price 22/6.

Geared for quality

production on

a large
scale



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ONE OF THE LARGEST U.K. FABRICATORS OF ALUMINIUM AND ALUMINIUM ALLOY
SHEET, CORRUGATED SHEET, STRIP, CIRCLES, PLATE, EXTRUDED SECTIONS AND TUBES.

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PYE LIMITED



Mr. C. O. Stanley, C.B.E., Chairman, states:—

"We are convinced that HI-FI will take a prominent part in our trading during 1955/56."

The 26th Annual General Meeting of the Company was held on Wednesday, 14th September, in London when the Report and Accounts for the year ended 31st March, 1955, were adopted.

Previous to this an Extraordinary General Meeting approved resolutions increasing the authorised capital to £5,300,000, capitalising £1,260,094 5s. for distribution to Deferred Ordinary and "A" Deferred Ordinary Stockholders in the proportion of one new "A" Deferred Ordinary Share for every 5s. of Stock held by them on the 19th August, 1955, and amending the Articles of Association to permit the use of mechanical signatures of Directors on Stock and Share Certificates and other securities of the Company.

	1954/5	1953/4
Net Profits before tax ..	£2,199,302	£1,127,886
Taxation	£1,161,677	£868,196
Net Profits after tax ..	£1,023,560	£259,690
(Less Minority Interests)		

DIVIDENDS: On the Participating Preferred Ordinary Stock a final dividend of 3% less Income Tax and a participating dividend of 2% less Income Tax, making 10% for the year (last year, same).

On the Deferred Ordinary Stock and "A" Deferred Ordinary Stock 12½% less Income Tax on the Capital as doubled by the above Bonus Issue (equivalent to 25% compared with 20% last year).

Dividends payable on 21st September, 1955.

The following is an extract from the Chairman's circulated statement.

BOARD'S EXPANSION POLICY.

We decided some long time ago that there was a danger in endeavouring each year to get a larger percentage of the radio and television set market. We realised that if there were a recession, the effect from this policy might be serious. Consequently, we decided on expansion in two ways. Firstly by making the parts which are difficult to procure for the manufacture of television and radio sets. Secondly, and this is our real expansion, by entering fields entirely different from those connected with popular radio and television sets, and already in these markets we have made a considerable impression all over the world. We believe that our achievements in underwater television and industrial television are quite outstanding. In the scientific instrument field our Company is rapidly coming right to the front. Our communication Company has already established a premier position for itself and makes a substantial contribution to our profits.

The Chairman addressing the meeting said that the advent of Commercial Television on 22nd September would be a big step forward. The Company had for a long time desired to see an alternative broadcasting service. This should result in a large expansion of the market for the entire industry, and he was glad to be able to tell shareholders that the Company was closely identified with this project through being a substantial shareholder in one of the programme contracting companies.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

At a prior Extraordinary General Meeting the Board's capitalisation and scrip issue proposals of one "A" Deferred Ordinary Share for each Deferred Ordinary and each "A" Deferred Ordinary Stock Unit held, were approved.



THE PLUS

fordham Caddy

£6.10.0
with white
low-pressure tyres
£6.0.0
with black tyres
(Prices include
purchase tax)

Offers quite remarkable value for
money (in any currency).

In addition to the heavy home demands, Fordham caddies are exported to the following countries: France, Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, Italy, South Africa, Switzerland, New Zealand, Australia, Iran, Canada, U.S.A.

OBtainable through your 'FRO'
OR SPORTS DEALER.

FORDHAM PRESSINGS LIMITED, Wolverhampton.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
DRY SACK
The
World Famous
Sherry

SPAIN'S BEST

— the favourite
Medium Dry Sherry
in Spain—and of course,
over here

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD — BODEGAS: JEREZ, SPAIN
LONDON OFFICES: 35 SEETHING LANE, E. C. 3



Try. The most PERSONAL 'mechanism' in the Universe

Choose a watch
that does justice to you

A man owns nothing more precious than his time, and nothing more personally important than the watch that guards it. Personally important in meeting this requirement for complete efficiency, personally important too in reflecting his good taste — especially as so often consulted in the company of discerning people. In this personal possession above all a man should do himself justice by demanding the perfection of UNIVERSAL-GENEVE. *Featured by leading jewellers in 84 countries.*

A WATCH BY



OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE OF **SAS**

From leading jewellers. For addresses of official agents write to INCARNA LTD, 45 DOVER ST, LONDON WI

AGA

Regd Trade Mark

bakes
the cake

and roasts the joint
and heats the water
—all at the same time and on so very little fuel

You can now bake a cake and roast a joint, both at once, at different temperatures in the same Aga oven! The new Aga Cake Baker—a solid pan with a snug-fitting lid—acts like a moderate oven within the roasting oven. While the Aga bakes the cake, you can open the oven door when you like! That's only one of the wonders of Aga cooking. As well as the roasting oven, there's a gentle simmering oven and two big hotplates. And they're all ready always . . . the Aga need never go out.



Aga heats the water . . . for washing, washing-up, household chores and three steaming hot baths a day. A thermostat controls the rate of burning automatically. And oh, how clean the Aga is . . . no dust escapes it even when you riddle. Nothing economises like the Aga! The Aga is guaranteed to burn no more than 3½ tons of fuel (coke for preference) in a year . . . and you buy the Aga on H.P. over as long as four years. Cooking and water heating, airing clothes and keeping the kitchen cosy—all for the price of 3½ tons of fuel a year. What better value is there anywhere?

you'll bless the day you said let's get an AGA

Please send a FREE leaflet telling me all about the Aga cooker and water heater that need never go out!

Fill in coupon now and send it to: AGA HEAT LTD., 3/27, Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.
makers of cookers, boilers and fires.



A new gin for that extra special occasion

BURROUGH'S

Extra Dry

Here is a gin that is as different from an ordinary gin as Champagne is from an ordinary sparkling wine.

Try it neat and see. Roll it round your tongue and savour its fine flavour, its velvet mellowness. Or try it in your favourite cocktail

You pay a little more for this De Luxe gin, but you get immeasurably greater pleasure. Ask your Wine Merchant. Price—34½ a bottle



JAMES BURROUGHS LTD., HUTTON ROAD, LONDON, S.E. 11. DISTILLERS OF DISTINCTION SINCE 1816.



What's the Excitement?

—No need to Ask it!

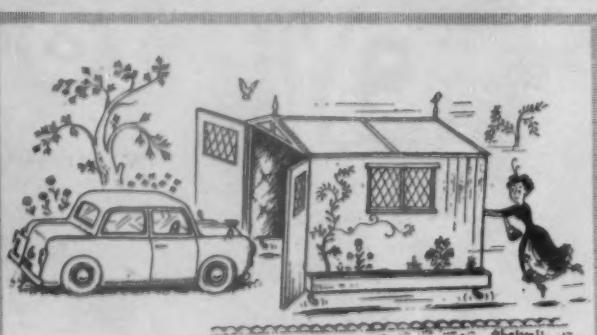
There's Kit-E-Kat

In Mummy's Basket!

Remember—cats and kittens want more than just fish—more than just scraps! They need a completely balanced diet. That's why Kit-E-Kat is made with lean meat, fresh white fish and herring, plus extra vitamins and minerals. Kit-E-Kat is a complete food. Cats need it—cats love it—every day.

KIT-E-KAT

FRESH FISH AND MEAT—COOKED AND READY TO EAT



Well, roll me over!

As makers of pretty good castors we never cease to be amazed at what they'll be up to next! But apart from the fantastic, and we get some odd commissions at times, our job is to make and improve castors for plain uses ranging from furniture to 16 ton gantries. And when Flexello Castors are chosen for exciting roles in aircraft manufacture, automation, atomic fission or space travel, we respond with enthusiasm to meet these special needs. The Constant Quality we maintain has made us quite the biggest castor people in Europe.

Ask Flexello

about CONSTANT QUALITY CASTORS

For Catalogue No. C154 and particulars apply to:
FLEXELLO CASTORS & WHEELS LIMITED
SLOUGH, BUCKS. TEL: SLOUGH 24121



Plan your home at Harrods and make use of the infinite scope offered here to help you devise the perfect decor. Elegant traditional furniture, lively modern settings, soft furnishings and accessories are available in such profusion that you are sure to find just the things you need to impart an individual flair to your home. And Harrods deferred terms are well worth consideration.

Harrods
- of course



Very special chocolates

For special occasions you can buy no finer
chocolate assortment than Cadbury's Continental.

A pound box costs half a guinea.

Cadburys
CONTINENTAL



NEW 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' *automatic* HIGH-LEVEL COOKER with the heart-high oven

THIS is the cooker that's *really* new. First in Britain with the oven at the *right* height. First to make electric cooking even easier, even quicker.

EASIER because the family-size oven is *raised*; no more peering, bending and stooping. And it is automatically controlled—switches itself ON and OFF at pre-selected times. You are free to go out and return—perhaps hours later—to a perfectly cooked meal. There is a *four hour* Ringer Timer too.

EASIER because the grill also is raised to the same convenient level—and on the shelf-type door the heaviest dishes are easily handled.

QUICKER cooking? Yes indeed. The grill can be used as an oven 'booster' for even speedier oven heating. And there are *three* radiant-type hotplates.

Below is a spacious hot cupboard for warming plates and keeping food ready for serving, and a storage cabinet for all your pots and pans. This new cooker has many work-saving aids . . . it is good looking . . . and is easy to keep clean and shining.

See the ENGLISH ELECTRIC High-Level Cooker, finished in cream or white enamel, at your Electricity Service Centre or your local ENGLISH ELECTRIC Authorised Dealer. Attractive Hire Purchase Terms are available.

£70

NO PURCHASE TAX



bringing you
better living



FEATURING THE LEADING CARS, BOATS AND CARAVANS

Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



MOTOR SHOW

OCT 19-29

Daily (except Sunday) from 10 a.m. till 9 p.m.

Admission: Wednesday 19th and Tuesday 25th
£1 before 5 p.m.; 10/- after

Other days (including Saturdays)
5/- before 5 p.m.; 3/6 after

EARLS COURT
LONDON

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR EXHIBITION
FORTIETH

ORGANISED BY THE SOCIETY OF MOTOR MANUFACTURERS AND TRADERS

"I am continuously seeing your advertisements of Lotus Veldtschoen, but none of them have much to write home about. I have had my pair for 30 years—at first for golf and shooting, now for everyday use."

2/5/52



105/-

LOTUS Veldtschoen
The only all-leather shoe

'Pantene' Hair is Here!



'Pantene' is NEW TO BRITAIN but headline news on the Continent. In France and Sweden, in Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and Germany, 'Pantene' hair means healthy hair . . . lustrous, free of dandruff, *cheveux abondants*. It is the first-ever deep penetration vitamin hair tonic—stimulating and immeasurably refreshing to the scalp. 'Pantene' contains Panthenol, which upon absorption in the scalp is converted into Pantothenic acid, a factor of the Vitamin B complex, which is essential for hair health and hair growth. Only 'Pantene' contains Panthenol which penetrates right down to the hair roots. 'Pantene' is available now in Britain, price 15s. 6d., from Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. Ask your hairdresser for a 'Pantene' friction.

New Vitamin Hair Tonic

PANTENE



'Pantene' contains Panthenol

Sole distributors:
Theo. Christy & Co. Ltd., Aldershot



Punch, September 28 1955

xiii



THE COMPLETELY NEW



SERIES

MGA

£595.0.0 Ex Works plus
£249.0.10 Purchase Tax

Safety fast

PROFILED FOR PERFORMANCE

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD

London Showrooms: Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, London, W.1

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Limited, Cowley, Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

This potential trophy-winner breaks clean away from traditional M.G. styling, yet inherits all the qualities and fine craftsmanship that have for over a quarter of a century distinguished its famous predecessors. Many of its features are identical to those embodied and tested in George Eyston's record-smashing M.G. Special. Faster . . . sturdier . . . safer, it holds the road like a limpet and its 1500 cc. O.H.V. engine puts up a performance that is quite exceptional.



Every Thursday afternoon at 4.0



a Mailship sails
from Southampton to
South African sunshine

Details and Illustrated Literature from Travel Agents or 3 Fenchurch Street, London, EC3

UNION-CASTLE

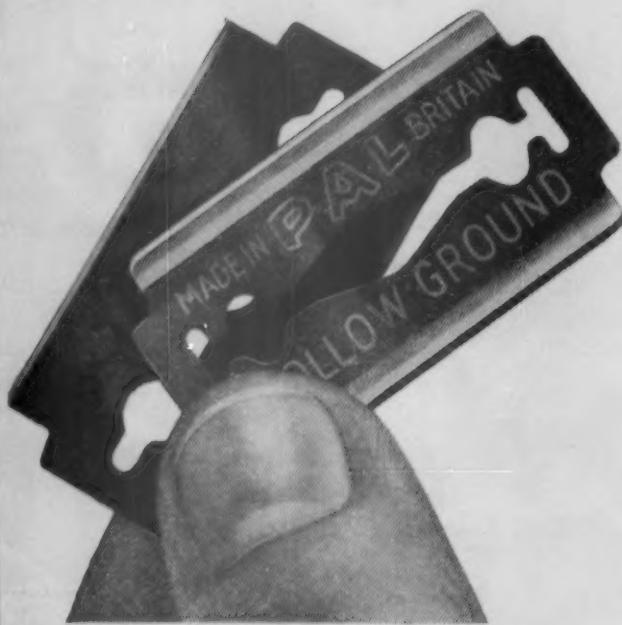
Ask now about the big reduction in return fares to South Africa and for Round Africa Voyages by certain sailings during 1956.

Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars



The same fine quality
Havana wrappers are used

Look, all razor blades are
not alike



**PAL has the edge
on other blades—
it's hollow ground**

Even to the naked eye, PAL Hollow Ground Blades look sharper. And if seeing isn't believing, wait till you try one in your razor! PAL Hollow Ground Blades are honed by electronically controlled precision machines. That's the secret of PAL's extra sharpness. And remember, PAL Hollow Ground Blades are still the lowest priced quality blades you can buy.



PAL hollow ground
blades are obtainable
everywhere.

PAL
hollow ground blades

Punch, September 28 1955



can those first chill winds of winter be far behind?
So now men's fancy begins to turn to the warmth
and splendour of these Simpson overcoats. *Left*: adaptable
raglan in hard-wearing tweed, with vertical
through pockets. £24. *Right*: a Crombie, warm but not
too bulky with patch pockets and full gauntlet
cuffs. In dark and medium grey, blue or lovat. £27.

Simpson
PICCADILLY



The case of *Blatella germanica* . . .

The cockroach has always sailed the seven seas, infesting ships' galleys and quarters, fouling food supplies, spreading disease and creating discomfort by its presence. Until a few years ago the control measures available rarely eliminated this very persistent pest, and had to be repeated at short intervals. But now, for the first time in history, seafaring cockroaches are being dealt with ruthlessly, by a revolutionary combination of insecticides and transparent lacquer.

The insecticides used in this remarkable development are aldrin and dieldrin, products of Shell, and much of Britain's great mercantile fleet is already 'de-cockroached' by dieldrin treatment. The surface layer of insecticidal crystals is constantly renewed from within the lacquer — even the friction caused by the movement of an insect over the surface has this replenishing effect.

However heavy the infestation, one lacquering with aldrin and dieldrin means 100% control — and a clean ship for at least two years.

Aldrin and dieldrin tackle insect pests with unrivalled effect and economy. Their sure kill is achieved with lower dosages. Their wider range includes many pests never before dealt with satisfactorily. Aldrin is fast becoming recognized as the best of all soil insecticides; dieldrin as the best control for weevils, beetles, flies, etc., on foliage. It is also extensively used as a residual spray against disease-carrying insects.

Have you a stubborn pest problem to be solved?

aldrin & dieldrin

aldrin and dieldrin are  insecticides for world-wide use

For further information apply to your Shell Company

Issued by The Shell Petroleum Company Limited, London, E.C.3, England

Vibration keeps it tight



No shaking will un-screw the G.K.N. Lester anti-vibration Nut. In fact, the greater the vibration, the more secure it gets. Unique internal laminations give the Lester Nut a high degree of elasticity which ensures 100% thread engagement when the nut is fully tightened and a fastening that will hold *throughout the life of the bolt*.

The G.K.N. Lester Nut completely eliminates failure through thread fatigue, increases bolt life, maintains full thread engagement on out-of-square surfaces, and is unaffected by oil saturation. A special G.K.N. Lester Nut is also made suitable for High Temperature Work up to 750°C. Above all, it holds tight and *stays* tight—permanently. *Ask G.K.N. to tell you all about it.*

G K N LESTER ANTI-VIBRATION NUTS
WORLD WIDE PATENTS

GUEST KEEN & NETTLEFOLDS (MIDLANDS) LTD., Bolt and Nut Division: Atlas Works, Darlaston, S. Staffs.
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THE NEW
ROVER
 PROGRAMME

New high performance specification and new power-braking for the 90. Greater comfort in all three models:—the 60, 75 and 90.



THE NINETY

HIGH PERFORMANCE By increasing the compression ratio, the acceleration has become still more vivid. An optional overdrive ensures a higher maximum speed, exceptionally fast and silent cruising at low engine speeds and a useful saving in petrol consumption. Top gear flexibility, so valuable when driving in traffic, is unaffected.

EXTRA SAFETY To match this livelier performance, a new Servo-assisted braking system is introduced. This ensures impressive light-pressure stopping from high speeds and maximum safety under modern road conditions.

THE SIXTY, SEVENTY-FIVE AND NINETY

EXTRA COMFORT Rover cars have a fine reputation for driver and passenger comfort. There is now a choice of two styles in the front seating—a bench type seat or, as an optional extra, two individual seats independently adjustable. The deep hide upholstery is pleated to retain its shape and the rear arm rests have been redesigned for greater comfort.

merrily at life's foundations. Luckily *The Times* applied a little welcome balm under the headline "No Change in Size of Trawl Net Mesh."

Only Took a Moment

GOVERNMENT plans are announced to treble the present rate of slum-clearance, and the Ministry of Housing has asked local councils to submit their own proposals for the speed-up. Judging from a report in the *Evening News*, the town council of Worthing got off to a brisk start with a decision to bar the word "slums" in official reports and substitute "unfit houses."

Still Not Looking?

IT is too early to say how many tradesmen may take up that Nunhead grocer's idea, sticking in the window a list of people who haven't paid. One or two television dealers in backward areas, however, are considering a variation—sticking up a list of people who haven't even begun to owe.

Coup

THEY said, those lesser breeds without the law,
Our far-flung empire had had its day:
The lion sprang, to strike with puissant
paw—
And Rockall fell beneath Britannia's
sway.



He Never Will Be Missed

"Flags appeared on hundreds of balconies throughout the City as the [Argentine] state radio played Gilbert and Sullivan selections between repetitions of communiqués,"
Daily Telegraph



UNWILLING to be called unkind
Or be the cause of fighting,
He left his fatherland behind—
He found it too exciting,
And, when away at last he went,
Preferred to go unseen, ah!
That diplomatic, democratic, operatic President
Peron of Argentina!

And yet how justly rated he departed,
This man more windy-mouthed than lion-hearted,
Whose claim was chaos and whose fame was brief:
Who, even filled with his extreme afflatus,
Hardly attained to little Franco's status,
And called for laughter rather than for grief.
Could anything have given Gilbert greater
Pleasure than to imagine a dictator
Who ruled Britannia by the price of beef,
A gaudy gynacolater who gave a
Seaside resort the sacred name of Eva
And got it shelled to witness his belief?

Our great dictator, virtuous man,
Decided when he first began
To build on what he knew could not
Be stale, whatever else is.
So he determined he would deal
In what the common people feel,
And build his power on sex-appeal
Exalted in excelsis,

And I am sure you would have willed
That he should venture so to build,
And I am pleased, and you are pleased,
And all of us are simply thrilled.

But let him go with proper reticence.
He is not worth exacting vengeance from,
He does not merit mention ages hence,
Or rate an irreligious martyrdom.
Simply unseat him and his stature dwindles
To something all of us have cause to know,
One of the legendary line of swindles
That Gilbert got at eighty years ago.

If you're anxious for to rule in the neo-fascist school as a man of ruthless will,
You must cultivate a jaw, and think little of the law, and assert your right to kill.
You must put on boots and breeches, and make ninety-minute speeches, and reject
the right to think,
And cut patriotic capers, and abolish all the papers, and put all the priests in clink.
And everyone will say,
As you stalk your haughty way,
"If he's allowed to look stiff and proud and be rude to the likes of me,
Why, what a most particularly strong Strong Man this strong Strong Man must be!"

P. M. HUBBARD



merrily at life's foundations. Luckily *The Times* applied a little welcome balm under the headline "No Change in Size of Trawl Net Mesh."

Only Took a Moment

GOVERNMENT plans are announced to treble the present rate of slum-clearance, and the Ministry of Housing has asked local councils to submit their own proposals for the speed-up. Judging from a report in the *Evening News*, the town council of Worthing got off to a brisk start with a decision to bar the word "slums" in official reports and substitute "unfit houses."

Still Not Looking?

It is too early to say how many tradesmen may take up that Nunhead grocer's idea, sticking in the window a list of people who haven't paid. One or two television dealers in backward areas, however, are considering a variation—sticking up a list of people who haven't even begun to owe.

Coup

THEY said, those lesser breeds without the law,
Our far-flung empery had had its day:
The lion sprang, to strike with puissant paw—
And Rockall fell beneath Britannia's sway.



He Never Will Be Missed

"Flags appeared on hundreds of balconies throughout the City as the [Argentine] state radio played Gilbert and Sullivan selections between repetitions of communiqués."

Daily Telegraph



UNWILLING to be called unkind
Or be the cause of fighting,

He left his fatherland behind—

He found it too exciting,
And, when away at last he went,
Preferred to go unseen, ah!

That diplomatic, democratic, operatic President
Peron of Argentina!

And yet how justly rated he departed,
This man more windy-mouthed than lion-hearted,
Whose claim was chaos and whose fame was brief;
Who, even filled with his extreme afflatus,
Hardly attained to little Franco's status,

And called for laughter rather than for grief.
Could anything have given Gilbert greater
Pleasure than to imagine a dictator

Who ruled Britannia by the price of beef,
A gaudy gynæcolater who gave a
Seaside resort the sacred name of Eva
And got it shelled to witness his belief?

Our great dictator, virtuous man,
Decided when he first began

To build on what he knew could not
Be stale, whatever else is.
So he determined he would deal
In what the common people feel,
And build his power on sex-appeal
Exalted in excelsis,

And I am sure you would have willed
That he should venture so to build,
And I am pleased, and you are pleased,
And all of us are simply thrilled.

But let him go with proper reticence.

He is not worth exacting vengeance from,
He does not merit mention ages hence,
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the right to think,

And cut patriotic capers, and abolish all the papers, and put all the priests in clink.
And everyone will say,

As you stalk your haughty way,
"If he's allowed to look stiff and proud and be rude to the likes of me,
Why, what a most particularly strong Strong Man this strong Strong Man must be!"

P. M. HUBBARD



Guaranteed Stainless

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

A room at the Foreign Office. STOUGH and RHUBBISH, two senior officials, well-profiled and with brushed-up moustaches and hair greying at the temples, are looking out of the window smoking cigars.

STOUGH (after a pause): Of course, the trouble with M.I.5 is well known. They're security mad, the pack of them.

RHUBBISH: Quite. Making jobs for themselves. After all, why pick on Macburgess, rather than anyone else?

STOUGH: Exactly.

RHUBBISH: First-class man in every way. I expect you've had a look

through his personal file? Not a hint of spying from first to last. Gets drunk, of course. Breaks a man's leg occasionally—

STOUGH: Throws furniture out of top floor windows in Cairo now and again.

RHUBBISH: But where's the security risk in that?

STOUGH: Besides... There but for the grace of God, what?

RHUBBISH: Just so.

They laugh in a well-mannered way.

RHUBBISH crosses to the hearth and throws down the butt of his cigar. All the same, I thought I'd better keep this policeman feller quiet.

Don't want a scandal, I mean. So I told him I'd have a word with you.

STOUGH: Oh, quite. Can't be too careful. Perhaps we'd better just run through it again. There was the Russian Embassy incident. Macburgess seen at the back door, receiving banknotes from a man in Red Army Officer's uniform. Obviously settlement of some wager or other, you think.

RHUBBISH: It seems the most likely explanation. We all know that Macburgess is a great one for a flutter. Probably gave them five-to-one that Malenkov wouldn't last till Christmas, something of that kind. M.I.5 say that he put something into the officer's hand, but that might have been anything—ticket for the Victoria Palace, bar of chocolate.

STOUGH: Or five bob change. Nothing in that, what?

RHUBBISH: Absolutely not. Then there's this cinema man.

STOUGH: Cinema man?

RHUBBISH: You remember. Local cinema near Macburgess's home. He often goes in there to borrow the screen. Takes his projector and gives himself a thirty-five millimetre film-strip show.

STOUGH: Oh, yes. Says he can't do them at home because his family's always watching the television. Well, that seems reasonable enough. And the manager never sees any of these pictures, because Macburgess sends him home and promises to lock the place up.

RHUBBISH: Correct. Except that he did once go back for his hat and the screen was full of aircraft silhouettes. Holiday snaps, no doubt, and got the sun in the lens.

STOUGH: Obviously.

RHUBBISH: And that's about the lot, really. Apart from a few documents missing.

STOUGH: Oh, well—documents. I was only saying to Filing the other day, when we were trying to find the XO Fission papers, what we really want in those cabinets is a good clear-out and start afresh. How many documents are supposed to be missing?

RHUBBISH: I've got it jotted down somewhere.





"I thought you said they were short-sighted."

He takes an old envelope from his pocket and studies it.

Roughly about twelve hundred.

STOUGH: Does that include the routine L.I.T. allowance? I forget how much it is for a Counsellor.

RHUBBISH: Left in Taxis? Counsellors? They're allowed twelve documents a month. But I'm not counting those. This twelve hundred is extra.

STOUGH (thoughtfully): Yes. You know, Rhubbish, don't think I'm getting security-minded or any rot of that kind, but it does seem to me a fraction on the extravagant side, twelve hundred additional L.Ds. What sort of thing are they? Anything important?

RHUBBISH: I don't think so. There's a lot of old Buraimi Oasis material—

STOUGH: Oh, that.

RHUBBISH: And the rest are mostly routine things . . . Intelligence codes, secret pacts with Yugoslavia, armaments stockpile statistics and so forth.

STOUGH: I see.

He crosses to the large empty desk and sits heavily, spreading his hands out on its polished surface. (After a pause):

You know what we are, Rhubbish? We're a pair of cads. Here's Macburgess, a talented young chap with a fine record of service, good education, family man, a gentleman in the best sense. And here are you and I entertaining gross and quite unfounded suspicions behind his back. What is the Foreign Service coming to? Where are we, if we can't trust our own chaps? Good God, at this moment fellows may be sitting in rooms like this all over Whitehall, tearing our characters to pieces just because we've been seen distributing Communist Party propaganda leaflets or chalking the words of the International on the flagstones outside

Buckingham Palace. It's frightening. I feel ashamed of myself for having discussed the thing at all. I mean, what would Palmerston would have said?

RHUBBISH: Oh, I entirely agree. It was only that this ghastly policeman was nosing around—

STOUGH: Don't worry. I'll have a word with the Minister about that. Put an end to it. And as for the —

A knock at the door.

Come in!

Enter MACBURGESS. The other two rise and greet him, patting his back and shaking him by the hand.

STOUGH: How are you, my dear fellow. Broken any good legs lately?

All laugh.

RHUBBISH: We were just talking about you.

MACBURGESS: Very flattering, old man. I just dropped in to say that I've got to go away unexpectedly to an undisclosed destination for an indefinite period. I wondered if either of you fellows happened to have any Russian currency?

All laugh.

STOUGH: Nothing doing, I'm afraid. Why not flog a couple of blueprints?

MACBURGESS (shaking hands): I'll do that.

All laugh. Exit MACBURGESS. STOUGH pushes the cigar box across to RHUBBISH.

RHUBBISH: Thanks. (He looks fondly in the direction of the closed door.) Dear old Mac.

STOUGH: Hear, hear. What fools we've been.

The Case of the Trembling Reporter

By H. F. ELLIS

TERSE, tough, hard-boiled, his hat on the back of his head—with or without a heart of gold beneath that cynical exterior, the type of the newspaper reporter was at one time firmly imprinted on the public imagination. Nothing surprised or excited him. Horses might be maddened by flames, crazed typists totter on parapets, archdukes get shot and triplets take their milk from fountain-pen fillers. It was all one to the reporter. He made a note of the occurrence, 'phoned the story to the news editor, and made tracks for the nearest bar. If, from first to last, he showed any trace of personal emotion, it was only to push his hat a little further towards the back of his head while grilling the victim's mother; and of that momentary weakness he certainly made no mention in his copy.

One detects a change. Reporters have

begun to gasp and marvel. Only the other day one of them trembled. "I am still dry-throated, exhausted and trembling," exclaimed a Mr. Desmond Hackett at the start of a mid-September dispatch from Prague to the *Daily Express*; and he went on to explain that it was the sight of Gordon Pirie fighting off the bounding Czech, Zatopek, that had reduced him to this extremity. A trembling reporter! More, a *still* trembling reporter. Did he wire the story then, forcing his quivering fingers to tap it out letter by letter on his faithful portable? Or did he 'phone it, shaking and gasping in some lonely kiosk in far-off Prague, his voice almost unrecognizable as he forced the reluctant syllables through that parched and riven throat? The point is interesting, but immaterial. Mr. Hackett recovered rapidly enough to start his next dispatch

"We did it! Glory be, we did it!" without a hint of weariness, so there need be no fear that he was permanently overwrought. What matters, what patently emerges, is that British reporters are at last coming out of their carapaces and giving free vent to their emotions. A story is no longer just a story to the modern newspaperman. It moves, it wrings, it sends him; and he rightly tells us so. Far from being hard-boiled, he must, if he is to make any headway in his profession, be a man easily aroused, warm-hearted, of delicate sensibility.

"Bystanders went to the assistance of a *Times* correspondent who was overcome during the unveiling of a commemorative plaque in Cheapside yesterday. 'It was the wording,' explained the reporter brokenly, after restoratives had been administered . . ."



"I'll give you Princess von Whatshername"

We are going too fast, however. For the moment, it has to be admitted, the so-called better-class papers lag behind, still giving employment to men who report a match or a massacre with an equally callous indifference. Here, to take an example at random, is the *Manchester Guardian* telling a story under the heading:

"BOY HIT AUNT WITH SPADE
COULD NOT KEEP PIGEONS"

(you can't have everything in this world, can you?) in an utterly flat-footed way ("Bristol Juvenile Court was told yesterday, etc., etc."), with no attempt whatever on the part of the reporter, who must have been there, to let us know how the whole sorry business affected *him* ("Oh! Oh! You could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard of the goings-on, etc., etc."). *The Times* and the *Guardian* bristle with missed opportunities of this kind.

Still, it can't be very long before the *Telegraph* at any rate, with that big circulation, falls into line with the deservedly popular press. Not perhaps immediately in its Home and Foreign News columns ("I am still giggling and blushing as the result of an interview I had with Archbishop Makarios this morning . . ."). But sport, certainly. The visit of the Australian cricketers next year can hardly fail to bring out the best in the paper's correspondents:

"Great suffering snakes (writes E. W. Swanton), how I jumped for joy when the balding Northants fire-eater, Tyson, slammed Harvey's wicket! I am not ashamed to say I was so hysterical I hardly knew whether the ball that did the business came with his arm and dipped a trifle to take the leg bail, or pitched on the inner edge of the seam after swinging late. 'Now is the winter of our discontent . . .' I quoted, choking back a sob and turning to Ian Peebles who was sitting by my side—but his head was buried in his arms and, to his infinite credit, he was crying like a child. Calloo! Callay!"

Too fanciful to imagine the Press Box in tears? "We cried in ecstasy," wrote, wired or 'phoned the exhausted Mr. Desmond Hackett (still on the subject of the indomitable Pirie), "as this thin, crew-cut galloper put in a finish that was full of British heart"; and who are "we" if not a boxful of trembling British reporters? If there were one or two dry-eyed and aloof in that quivering



gathering, they would no doubt be the representatives of the reactionary press, who have still to learn that only by a frank parade of the emotions can the Written Word hope to meet the challenge of TV.

They will do better as the years go by. Meanwhile Hackett and his colleagues can be trusted to keep the banner of emotionalism flying, pointing (so far as banners may) the way ahead. And, talking of banners, one final quote from Mr. Hackett's second

Prague dispatch may perhaps be forgiven me:

"Up in the hill-top Prague stadium the British flag stands out in floodlight above this heart-warming announcement: British women 58 pts.; Czechoslovakian women 48 . . ."

It is nearly a fortnight since those words were written (or possibly 'phoned), but I am not ashamed to say that I am still dry-throated, exhausted and (glory be!) trembling—in a British kind of way.

Someone or Other

SIR ROBERT FRASER and Sir Kenneth Clark
Between them got "commercial" off the mark,
But who can fathom, let alone remember,
Which is the Chairman, which the panel member?

Whether plain Misters or distinguished Sirs,
Executives, in viewers' minds, are blurs;
Perhaps the question should be changed to Which'll
Most often get confused with Leslie Mitchell?

J. B. B.

National Parks: The Public Voice

By J. D. U. WARD

"(a) for the preservation and enhancement of natural beauty in England and Wales, and particularly in the areas designated under this Act as National Parks or as areas of outstanding natural beauty;
(b) for encouraging the provision or improvement, for persons resorting to National Parks, of facilities for the enjoyment thereof and for the enjoyment of the opportunities for open air recreation and the study of nature afforded thereby."

From the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act, 1949; pp 1-2.

SIR,—Do the words "National Park" and the statutory reasons for National Parks mean a thing? The other day, in the Goathill National Park, I found a forester directing a gang of men felling beautiful trees. He said the trees were mature. The track was churned up by caterpillars and wagons; the graceful ferns were torn and splashed with mud. A friend tells me that in

another park the Forestry Commission have concealed, by their plantations, the meeting place of the Cambrian and the Ordovician systems. And elsewhere they have cleared and destroyed with bulldozers acres of rhododendrons—perhaps in an attempt to "enhance natural beauty"?

Yours truly,

SYLVIA RAINWATER



SIR,—The other day I saw some men planting trees on a slope which is always beautiful with heather in autumn. As this place is within a National Park I asked what the trees were and why they were planting them. The reply was Scots pines; and because spruce don't much like heather sites. I was not sure whether the man was stupid, impudent, or merely truthful; but can it really be legal to destroy fifty acres of heather in a National Park? At the bottom of the slope, near the river, some alder trees had been felled and a man working there said that Douglas firs would be planted—not a British tree and not even a proper English name!

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD WINTER

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Edward Winter should know that Douglas firs are beautiful trees much beloved by golden-crested wrens. Further, is it not an inspiring idea that the parks and forests of this "Old Country," which is "Home" to so many far overseas, should contain trees from those Outposts of Empire? Douglas firs come from British Columbia, whose people are sometimes said by other Canadians to be more English than the English. I have nephews in British Columbia who write with enthusiasm of the country.

Yours faithfully,

MARY DRAKE

SIR,—It came to my knowledge that a golden oriole was nesting somewhere in a certain national park, but when I made inquiries of a man who must certainly have known about it he refused to tell me where the nest was. Doubtless his intentions were for the best, but I suggest that members of the public ought to be encouraged with information about special features of interest, including rarities. Or perhaps national parks are supposed to be preserves for privileged persons only,

where we of the common herd must
Keep Off the Grass?

TOM BLUNT

SIR,—Some five years ago Dartford warblers started to nest again in this area, after an absence of nearly 30 years. They suffered no disturbance. But then we became a national park. More people have been coming to see our lovely countryside and they go everywhere, whether or no they have any right. Photographers set to work on the Dartford warblers with the result that two out of three nests were deserted. I heard that another nest was robbed. I am not a Dartford warbler but can guess what they think of the national park idea.

Yours faithfully,

R. AUDUBON MAINWARING

SIR,—Are National Parks for the young and active only? I would suggest that where grand scenery lies within a park it should be made accessible to the old and infirm. Roads should be built so that we may travel by motor-car or coach to enjoy the serene views of nature from near the mountain tops. It is in matters such as this that National Park country should be distinguished from country which is not national park. Yours truly,

VICTORIA FERNDOWN

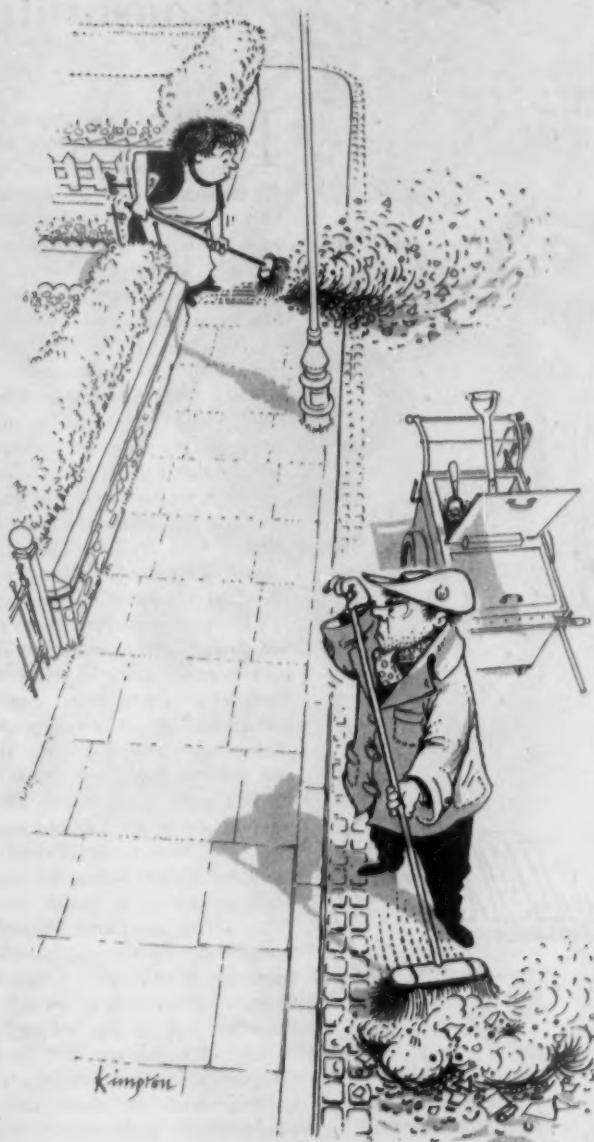
SIR,—There have been complaints about the noise made by motorbikes at their scrambles in this National Park. May I remind the dyspeptic and neurotic fault-finders that we are not all old dodderers, and that in time of war the nation would be glad enough of the motor-cyclists as pilots to protect the parks and much else besides. Apart from that, it is a good thing that adventurous youth should be encouraged to ride out from dismal towns. If they bark and roar a bit, what of it? Barking and roaring never hurt anyone.

SID HUSTLER

SIR,—Believe me, the war-time holidays-at-home idea was a good one. I have learnt. Knowing the pleasures of our local municipal park I thought it would be nice to take the children to a national park. So we went to one of the newest. Well! The beaches were shingle or mud or both. The streams were rough and stoney. The woods

were the kind of place you could get lost in very easily indeed. I was told that the open heather bits had lots of adders. And those distances! I found only two seats to sit on. And no ice-cream kiosks. May I say that I think the term "national park" is very misleading. I hope that no money is being spent on these kind of places. Not that it looks as though any had been.

MOTHER OF FOUR



Ah, Well

TO-DAY I realized anew—
As frequently before—
That Shakespeare died at fifty-two,
Or very little more;
That gives me six years anyhow...
But no, I'll hardly make it now.

R. M.

Constitutional Commentator

By R. G. G. PRICE

I FIRST got caught up in explaining the Constitution to adolescents because I could not read music. In my last year at school I was tried for the Choir, which was under strength. I was handed a hymn-book open at a hymn I knew, and sang away, not realizing there were two tunes. The Master in Charge told me I could join on condition I resigned immediately there were any complaints. I lasted nearly a term until my friends told me they would be forced to act: being nearer to me than the conductor they realized that I never took the rests. My exclusion meant that I was free for odd jobs and one of these was to help two Malays with Burke's *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents*, which they had to take in Responses.

They were grave, courteous boys who had passed some examination in English back home, mainly in select novels of Scott, by whom they were greatly influenced. I rather exaggerated their remoteness from Western Civilization and tried to help them by simplifying Burke's picture. Speaking slowly and wagging my finger I would say, "King big chief. Minister small chief." Then the elder Malay, feeling for some fixed point on which to build, would ask, "Hae about yon Laird Mayor?" The younger simply opened and closed his edition, with its notes and exercises, and blew sadly down the spine. It was difficult to feel one was making headway.

When I began teaching for money, not gratitude, I had to compete for my audience with the world outside the windows and daydreams and wasps and comics and a card-game that had a referee with a whistle. I soon began selecting the material for my lessons with an eye to easing my life rather than to moulding my pupils. I came to an arrangement that if a class learned two facts in a History lesson the rest of the time could be spent on something with appeal. At first they usually wanted to discuss tortures, but I soon ran short of these and the ones I invented seemed oddly unhistorical, though I still think the compulsory fire-eating course with a maladroit instructor was a good idea. They were interested

in war and would talk at length about whether a halberd would make a more satisfying wound than a pike. By pretending I was teaching the technological bases of the latest Industrial Revolution I could let them rip on internal combustion engines and aeronautics. Much could be done with the apt parallel: the Wars of the Roses allowed me to spend several hours on gang warfare in Capone's Chicago.

Knowing that nothing is more highly regarded pedagogically than making the lesson three-dimensional, I encouraged my pupils to bring specimens of historical interest from home. Some days my classes looked like jumble sales, the desks piled with sabres, Indian daggers, bits of shrapnel taken out of Dad at Ypres, spinning-wheels, carburettors, home-made thumbscrews, egg-timers and handcuffs. As boys stayed put at the end of the period while masters moved on, I had to be accompanied about the building by bearers. My colleagues got fretful as we clanked past their doors dropping metal, and were furious when boys arrived late and said they had got scratched and been to matron for fear of curare.

These methods did not work with the sophisticated upper layers of the school. I dared not let these bring inventions, as they invented their own and had lathes and would have brought machines on trucks. I could not talk to them about crime, as they would never have consented to being restricted to presentable crimes like murder. They were not boys to be encouraged to handle weapons. None of them would have turned an arbalest upon another while there was a master in the room. The only trick left in my repertoire, apart from one that depended on nobody's noticing there were two Queens of Spades, was to talk about the Constitution.

The boys were often the sons of successful local business men and were doing quite advanced work in scientific subjects; but they had no general idea of the way the country was governed. They insisted that the House of Lords was the Conservative Party and the House of Commons the Labour Party.





"So it was you, was it, who let Black Bess come home unattended?"

They believed that Parliament and the Cabinet were the same, that Laws were passed by the Prime Minister and that at General Elections people chose the Council. They knew the name of the Court of Criminal Appeal but thought it was "A top sort of jury." They tended to pick politicians who had been in the news and attribute large events to them, like wars or slumps. They regarded their power as personal; once a Prime Minister always a Prime Minister. In 1938 they told me things cost too much and would never get cheaper until Lloyd George was got rid of. When I incautiously mentioned that some Bishops sat in the House of Lords I had to try to explain the organization of the Church. They believed there were male bishops and female suffragans. The Archbishop of Canterbury was Minister of Religion.

The wood was dim but some of the

trees were clear enough. For example, they knew a good deal about the organization of the R.A.F., though they did not realize it had a civilian head responsible to the Cabinet and Parliament. At first, thinking finance would be rather a stiff subject, I gave only the barest outline of how the State raised and spent its revenue. From all over the room came ingenious schemes for seeing that it never got any. I had stumbled on a subject in which they were expert. There was quite a heated argument over the possibility of charging both sets of books as office equipment.

In time, self-defence ceased to be my primary educational aim and I kept the Constitution for non-combatants on Field Days or the pupils of chemistry masters down with mumps. Whether I managed to make its glories clear I rather doubt, but at least my pupils knew that it was there and expressed

some interest in whether it could be worked to their advantage. I do not know whether any actual legislator is carrying within his mind seeds planted there by me. Recent news from Singapore and Malaya, boiled down ruthlessly by papers short of space, suggests a certain constitutional confusion that strikes me as being, at many removes, familiar. It is not the best teachers who have played the most decisive part in history.

"Gloria, the twelve-year-old Lockerman negro schoolgirl has decided to 'stick' at 16,000 dollars (£5,750) won by answering spelling questions in a U.S. television quiz show . . . A wrong answer and she would have lost . . . 'I would rather go away the undefeated champ than Gloria, the foolish little girl who "lost out,'" she said . . . She . . . can spell such words as orchidaceous, zuegma . . ." —*Birmingham Mail*

Vacancy for sub-editor anywhere?

Song about Whiskers

Lines to be sung by a small bearded American who goes to a party and they ask him to sing something and he says the only thing he knows is a song about whiskers and they say okay sing a song about whiskers.

THE world is in a mess to-day,
Dam sight worse than yesterday
And getting a whole lot worse right along.
It's time that some clear-thinking guy
Got up and told the reason why
America has started going wrong.
If laws are broke and homes are wrecked,
It's nothing more than you'd expect
With all the fellows shaving all the time.
Yes, sir, the moment you begin
To crop the fungus from the chin
You're headed for a life of sin
And crime.

What this country needs is men with whiskers
Like the men of long ago.
It would all be hunkadory
With the nation's pride and glory
If we let our grogans grow.
Grants and Shermans and Davy Crocketts
Never used to go around with razors in their pockets:
What this country needs is men with whiskers
Like the men it used to know.

What this country needs is men with whiskers
Like the men of an earlier date.
They were never heels and loafers
And they looked like busted sofas
Or Excelsior in a crate.
Whitman's verse, there is none to match it,
And you couldn't see his face unless you used a hatchet.
What this country needs is men with whiskers
Like the men who made her great.



The pioneers were hairy men,
Reckless devil-may-care-y men
Who wouldn't have used a razor on a bet.
For each had sworn a solemn oath
He'd never prune the undergrowth:
Their motto was "To hell with King Gillette!"
And when they met on country walks
Wild Cherokees with tomahawks,
I'll say those boys were glad they hadn't shaved.
If cornered by a redskin band
With things not going quite as planned,
They hid inside their whiskers and
Were saved.



What this country needs is men with whiskers,
For the whisker always wins.
Be it war or golf or tennis
We shall fear no foeman's menace
With alfalfa on our chins,
Don't forget it was men with whiskers
Who founded your Detroits, New Yorks and San
Franciskers.
What this country needs is men with whiskers
Out where the vest begins.

What this country needs is men with whiskers
Like the men of Lincoln's day.
At the Wilderness and Shiloh
They laid many a doughty guy low:
They were heroes in the fray.
There is fame that can never die out,
And if you touched their beards a couple of birds
would fly out.
So let's raise the slogan of "Back To Whiskers!"
And three cheers for the U.S.A.

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Goodness, How Sad!

By EDWARD HYAMS

WHEN old Mr. Broster first came to work in our garden he hardly talked at all and he had a sullen look which we thought might be resentment against Colonel Balsam. He had worked for Colonel Balsam for thirty years and had then been suddenly sacked. Everyone was very surprised: not only is Broster a very good gardener but Colonel Balsam is famous for his gentle melancholy, and it was difficult to imagine how they could have fallen out. Gardeners and their employers do, of course, differ with great bitterness over the merits of a shrub or how to prune peach trees; but Colonel Balsam and Broster had managed to agree about these things for thirty years.

Perhaps almost every parish has someone so "sympathetic," in the French sense, that his or her misfortune is of general concern. We all liked Colonel Balsam and we were all sorry for him, although we showed it, of course, only in courtesy and gentleness of bearing. We were sorry for him because, thirty-two years ago, his wife had died. I have no idea how this old loss had come to be of such supreme importance: it was, I think, something in the Colonel's manner, a certain sad reserve; and, perhaps, the gossip of his servants. It is, no doubt, very unusual for a man's neighbours to condole with him in spirit for thirty-two years over the death of his wife; but somehow or other that death had become the significant thing about the Colonel, what one might almost call his public personality was made of it.

A visitor from a neighbouring parish who did not understand how we feel about Colonel Balsam, but had heard, as all our visitors tend to hear, about the Colonel's loss, gave much offence by calling him a "grief athlete." We thought that was an abominable thing to say. But then we cannot know to what extent outsiders are sensitive to our atmosphere. There is, for example, one day in the year, an April day, when, as soon as we are out and about, down to the village for a stamp or a glass of beer or a visit, we are aware of a difference. Would an outsider feel it? Perhaps not. Yet that day does not feel like other days, any more than Sunday

does. It is not possible to describe this difference: it is not silence, although it may be due in part to an unconscious muting of noise due to our awareness that the day contains something we must respect, if only by gentler motions. At first we cannot remember what this difference in the day is due to: then we recall that it is "the Colonel's day." Probably someone will mention it; we look at each other with a slight frown, a barely perceptible shake of the head, and perhaps a glance in the direction of the Colonel's house.

"The Colonel's day" is the anniversary of his wife's death. None of us can remember Mrs. Balsam, nor, excepting by the kind of hearsay which in daily life is accepted as knowledge or memory, the actual details of her death. There is a fairly general idea that it occurred shortly after the Colonel moved into our neighbourhood, but I fancy that this derives from the fact that there is a room in the house which is said to be that in which the poor lady passed her last painful weeks, and that it has been kept unchanged, with all her things in place, ever since. Not that anyone has ever seen it, or asked to see it: we all have far too much delicacy for that. We know, from the Colonel's housekeeper, that he keeps the room dusted himself and its key in his desk. And on his "day" he goes to the room immediately after breakfast, locks himself in, and does not emerge until seven-thirty

in the evening, just before dinner, having meanwhile, it is generally understood, fasted and meditated, mourning his long dead companion.

Of this behaviour we are divided in our opinion. Some of us feel nothing but respect and sympathy for the Colonel's cult of grief. It is not as if he thrusts it on us, nothing could be further from the truth. His countenance has, indeed, a natural melancholy, and his manner is not gay: he is a diffident, withdrawing sort of man. But he is far from refusing to take his active part in parish life; and if he always receives especially considerate treatment, as if he were an invalid in constant pain, if his opinions receive a deference, his occasional singularities of behaviour an indulgence which are beyond what is usual, it certainly cannot be said that his manner demands or even seeks these privileges.

As for the rest of us, those whose attitude to the Colonel's cult is less sympathetic, their leader and the exponent of their disapproval is the rector. For them grief so long sustained, if only by an annual rite of fasting and meditation, is un-English, almost Oriental—in short, *morbid*. Yet even this party, even the rector, have not cared to remonstrate with Colonel Balsam. And what, after all, could they say to him?

The fact does remain, however, that we are rarely unconscious of this grief.



Song about Whiskers

Lines to be sung by a small bearded American who goes to a party and they ask him to sing something and he says the only thing he knows is a song about whiskers and they say okay sing a song about whiskers.

THE world is in a mess to-day,
Dam sight worse than yesterday
And getting a whole lot worser right along.
It's time that some clear-thinking guy
Got up and told the reason why
America has started going wrong.
If laws are broke and homes are wrecked,
It's nothing more than you'd expect
With all the fellows shaving all the time.
Yes, sir, the moment you begin
To crop the fungus from the chin
You're headed for a life of sin
And crime.

What this country needs is men with whiskers
Like the men of long ago.
It would all be hunkadory
With the nation's pride and glory
If we let our grogans grow.
Grants and Shermans and Davy Crocketts
Never used to go around with razors in their pockets:
What this country needs is men with whiskers
Like the men it used to know.

What this country needs is men with whiskers
Like the men of an earlier date.
They were never heels and loafers
And they looked like busted sofas
Or Excelsior in a crate.
Whitman's verse, there is none to match it,
And you couldn't see his face unless you used a hatchet.
What this country needs is men with whiskers
Like the men who made her great.



The pioneers were hairy men,
Reckless devil-may-care-y men
Who wouldn't have used a razor on a bet.
For each had sworn a solemn oath
He'd never prune the undergrowth:
Their motto was "To hell with King Gillette!"
And when they met on country walks
Wild Cherokees with tomahawks,
I'll say those boys were glad they hadn't shaved.
If cornered by a redskin band
With things not going quite as planned,
They hid inside their whiskers and
Were saved.



What this country needs is men with whiskers,
For the whisker always wins.
Be it war or golf or tennis
We shall fear no foeman's menace
With alfalfa on our chins.
Don't forget it was men with whiskers
Who founded your Detroits, New Yorks and San
Franciskers.
What this country needs is men with whiskers
Out where the vest begins.

What this country needs is men with whiskers
Like the men of Lincoln's day.
At the Wilderness and Shiloh
They laid many a doughty guy low:
They were heroes in the fray.
Theirs is fame that can never die out,
And if you touched their beards a couple of birds
would fly out.
So let's raise the slogan of "Back To Whiskers!"
And three cheers for the U.S.A.

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Goodness, How Sad!

By EDWARD HYAMS

WHEN old Mr. Broster first came to work in our garden he hardly talked at all and he had a sullen look which we thought might be resentment against Colonel Balsam. He had worked for Colonel Balsam for thirty years and had then been suddenly sacked. Everyone was very surprised: not only is Broster a very good gardener but Colonel Balsam is famous for his gentle melancholy, and it was difficult to imagine how they could have fallen out. Gardeners and their employers do, of course, differ with great bitterness over the merits of a shrub or how to prune peach trees; but Colonel Balsam and Broster had managed to agree about these things for thirty years.

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I remember Robbins the builder asking for me at the back door, very slightly truculent with embarrassment, wanting to know if I could "settle that little account." As it happened I could and did, but I was a little surprised: he had never been in such a hurry before. When I gave him the cheque he became, absurdly enough (since the money was certainly due to him), apologetic and, between apology and relief, garrulous and confiding. "The fact is," he

explained, "the Colonel's been owing me a bit more than I can manage for them hot-houses I built him in 'forty-nine. Naturally, I don't like to press him, *in his condition*."

I could recall a dozen such incidents to the credit of our sensibility: even the ladies who collect for Moral Welfare and Dumb Friends will not readily bother the Colonel; and it is thought meritorious in him that he will seek them to make his contribution.



"But that's stealing, darling."

To return to old Mr. Broster. His speechlessness, which was notorious, would never have been abandoned, we should never have heard how he came to be sacked had he not happened to get rather drunk. This was not only unusual, it was without precedent. It came about as follows: my wife is an authority on country wines and brewing and is always collecting new recipes. Broster, in an unusual moment of friendliness, gave her a dirty old bit of paper containing his mother's "receipt" for oak-leaf wine. My wife made two gallons of what sounded a most unpromising concoction and turned out to be an excellent dry wine. Naturally she gave old Broster two bottles; and the day being hot he drank a pint with his luncheon sandwiches. I came upon him, sitting idle in the potting-shed, and *talking*. True, he was talking only to himself, but to my astonishment he continued talkative even in my presence and I did not hesitate to seize the chance of learning what I wanted to know.

I shall eliminate his incoherences and circumlocutions: his story came to this: the vigorous ampelopsis creeper which covers the front of the Colonel's house had long wanted cutting back and tidying. Broster chose to do this on the Colonel's "day," when his employer would not be wanting him in the hot-houses or the rose garden every five minutes. At a little after two he set his ladder against the wall of the house and went up it to begin work. The top of the ladder was beside a window and Broster glanced into the room before he realized that it was *the room*, the late Mrs. Balsam's. He would have averted his eyes from this holy place and concentrated on the creeper had it not been for what he immediately saw.

Facing him, with his mouth wide open, the Colonel sprawled in a very easy chair, fast asleep. On a table beside him were, item, a huge plate of sandwiches—Broster says ham, but I do not see how he could have known—and a smaller plate with crumbs and bits of crust which showed that the Colonel had eaten some already; item, two quart bottles of ale and two half-pint bottles of strong ale, and one pint pewter tankard; item, a dish of fruits in season; item, a tobacco pouch and pipe; item, a pile of four or five green Penguin books. A comfortable fire was burning in the grate. While Broster was taking in



"There's a hair in my soup."

this scene of myth-destroying self-indulgence, the Colonel gulped, stirred, and opened his eyes: for a moment the two men stared at each other. Then Broster went down the ladder so fast that he nearly broke his neck.

My own problem, when faced with this story, was—did I believe it? Might not Broster have invented it? Supposing he had been discharged for some discreditable reason—would not this tale both account for his dismissal and spite the Colonel?

* * * * *

If revenge was his purpose, then he was cheated of it, for the considerations set out above persuaded me to keep my mouth shut, still to respect the Colonel's cult. But subsequent events have proved that I need not have worried, that myths are not destroyed by facts. The Colonel is remembered, and will increasingly be remembered, as a man exemplary in single-hearted devotion to a great and touching love, the very idea

of which does us all good. It would not surprise me if some future incumbent of the parish church, moved by the parish myth, adds "And his beloved wife, Mary," to the Colonel's name on the headstone; we have long known that Mrs. Balsam was buried in her

native parish at her own desire, but that is a fact which may easily be forgotten. So powerful is the myth that this, I say, would not surprise me, although it was revealed at the Colonel's death that he was, in point of fact, a captain; and that he had never been married in his life.

Let No Man Say

LET no man say that I am nearly done for,
My head is bowed but not unduly bloody,
And though my trousers are a trifle muddy,
Mud, after all, is what the tweed was spun for.
I have an ounce of gold; what is a ton for?
The gem-encrusted Gaekwar on his *gadi*,
The swart director in his panelled study,
The general, wondering whom the war was won for,

The darlings of Society, bright with toppers,
The landed gent, who sees his acres shrinking,
Are no more blithe than I, who scrape for coppers,
And spend the few I get on eating, drinking,
Paraffin, income tax and electricity.
There's no such thing as limitless felicity. R. P. LISTER

On Wings of Song

By ROY BRADFORD

I CANNOT say when it was that I first felt burgeon and stir within me the unshakable conviction that I was possessed of a glorious singing voice. Not just what people call a "nice" voice, or even a "fine" voice, but the kind of voice that bursts like a clarion call through a vast auditorium and ricochets off the back of the gallery—a voice that holds thousands spellbound.

Yes, *that* was my voice—when it had been properly trained, of course, I was fully conscious of my awful responsibility, although I had already been rejected as "unrewarding" by four successive singing teachers without my confidence being in the slightest shaken. You see I'd read somewhere that, at the outset of *his* career, the young Richard Tauber had met with the same Philistine indifference. So I too serenely bided my time. In the privacy of the bathroom I continued to move vast audiences to rapture and tears.

Then by some fateful chance I came across Signor Donizetti Oreilly. Signor Oreilly had—to quote his prospectus—"sung in all the world's great opera-houses and performed before most of the crowned heads of Europe." It was the crowned heads that did it. Suddenly it flashed on me that here was a master worthy of his pupil. Fortunately he had just one vacancy left. Did

he insist on auditions before accepting pupils? "Arra no not at all"—it was delightful to find that his dallyings with all those crowned heads had not diminished by one jot the native—was it Neapolitan?—brogue of the Signor Oreilly. "Sure couldn't I tell," he said, "from the first syllable that dropped from your lips that it's a golden voice and a golden future you have in front of you." That was all I wanted to hear. Already those thousands were swelling to tens of thousands, all of them moved . . . to rapture and tears.

Every Tuesday found me at the Signor's studio in East Croydon. And each day I came away feeling that I'd learnt something worth knowing. The first day I learnt that I was a counter-tenor, which was a little unsettling. Then it was decided that my tenor was heroic, which was more reassuring. Eventually I accepted the Signor's considered opinion that I was really a dramatic baritone with a very unusual range. Soon I realized that great singers are subject to the occupational maladies of cold feet and sore throats. To guard against these Oreilly had a small electric fire which he kept under the piano and a box of throat pastilles which he kept on top. The pastilles had a pleasant taste but the fire kept fusing, and, when it did, all work had to stop until it was mended. We must have

spent hours together under the piano tying bits of wire. Still, I felt that every time I was learning more and more about electric fires.

The Oreilly technique for voice-training was simple. We took the word "laugh" with the long "a" vowel and while the Signor pounded out the scale on the piano I stood in front of a mirror and let the liquid notes flow out. "Laugh . . . la . . . a . . . augh . . . laa . . ." One must watch the throat carefully all the time—no strain, tongue in the right position, lips round and open wide. It was fascinating. After a while I got to know every little whim of my uvula. I even began to have wild ideas about specializing in ear, nose and throat.

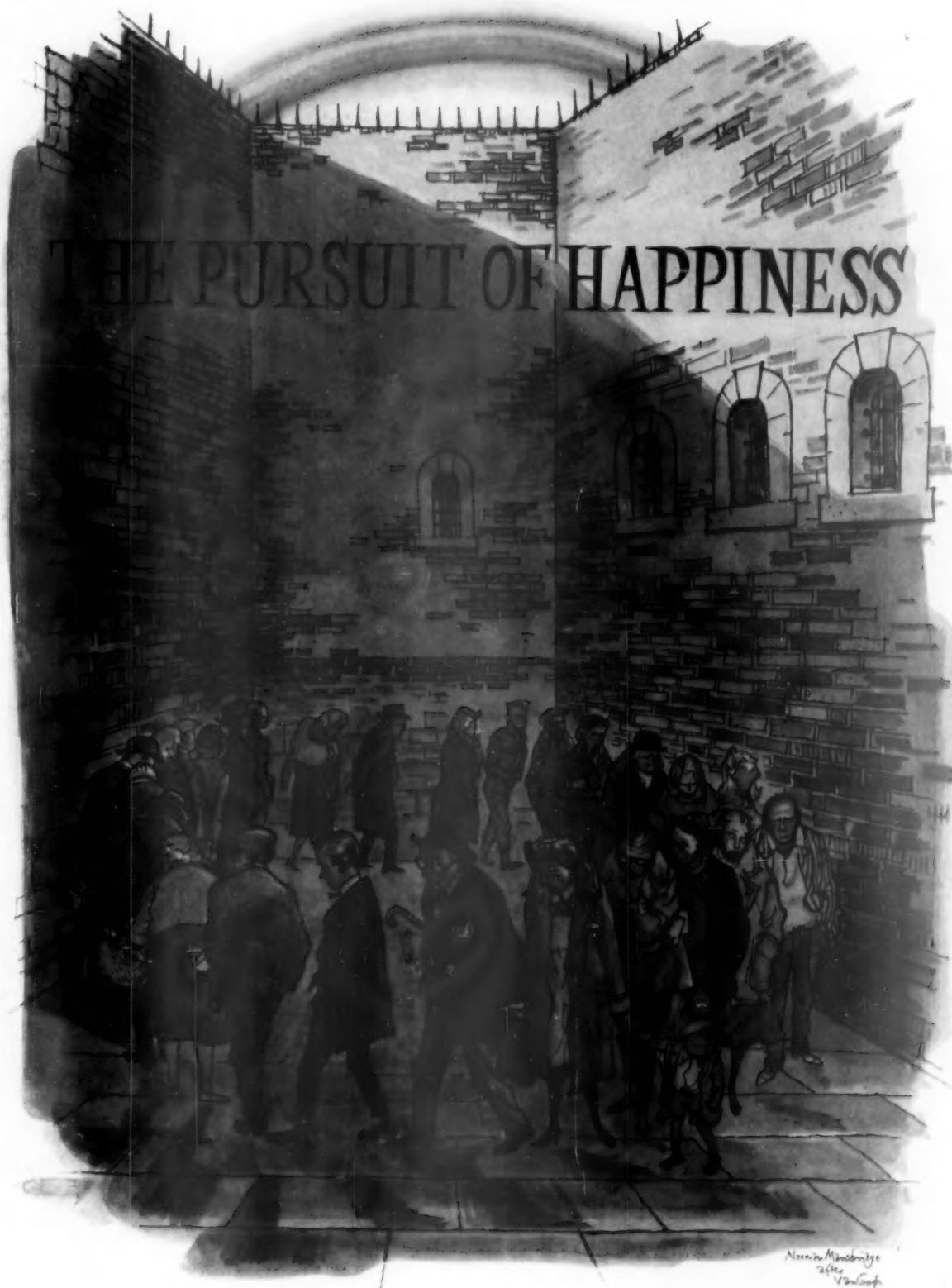
And all the time I was practising. In the bedroom, in the office, in the street. Once in a bus, when I had struck an unusually high E sharp, an old lady got up and offered me her seat. My circle of acquaintances narrowed rapidly but I accepted that as the expected isolation of the great artist. Caruso, Chaliapin, they too had known solitude and the slavery of the perpetual scales.

It was during the forty-fourth lesson, when I could juggle with "laugh, laugh, laugh" in every known permutation, that I began to have doubts. And so it was agreed that on the following Tuesday the Signor would have two experts along to pass judgment on my progress.

Well I remember the day. I reeled from the exhaustion of a last six days and nights spent with "laugh . . . augh . . . augh." I was keyed up to concert pitch. One look in the mirror and I recoiled. The panel of judges waited in silence. The Signor sat down at the piano. I was just clearing my throat for the very prototype of all tonic solfas when . . . phut! went the electric fire. Oreilly threw up his hands in despair and disappeared under the piano.

We never got the fire mended. From that day to this the glorious singing voice has been stilled. And yet sometimes, in the silent watches of the night, there appears before me a vast auditorium with a sea of upturned faces, all of them working convulsively and deeply, deeply moved . . . yes . . . to rapture and tears.



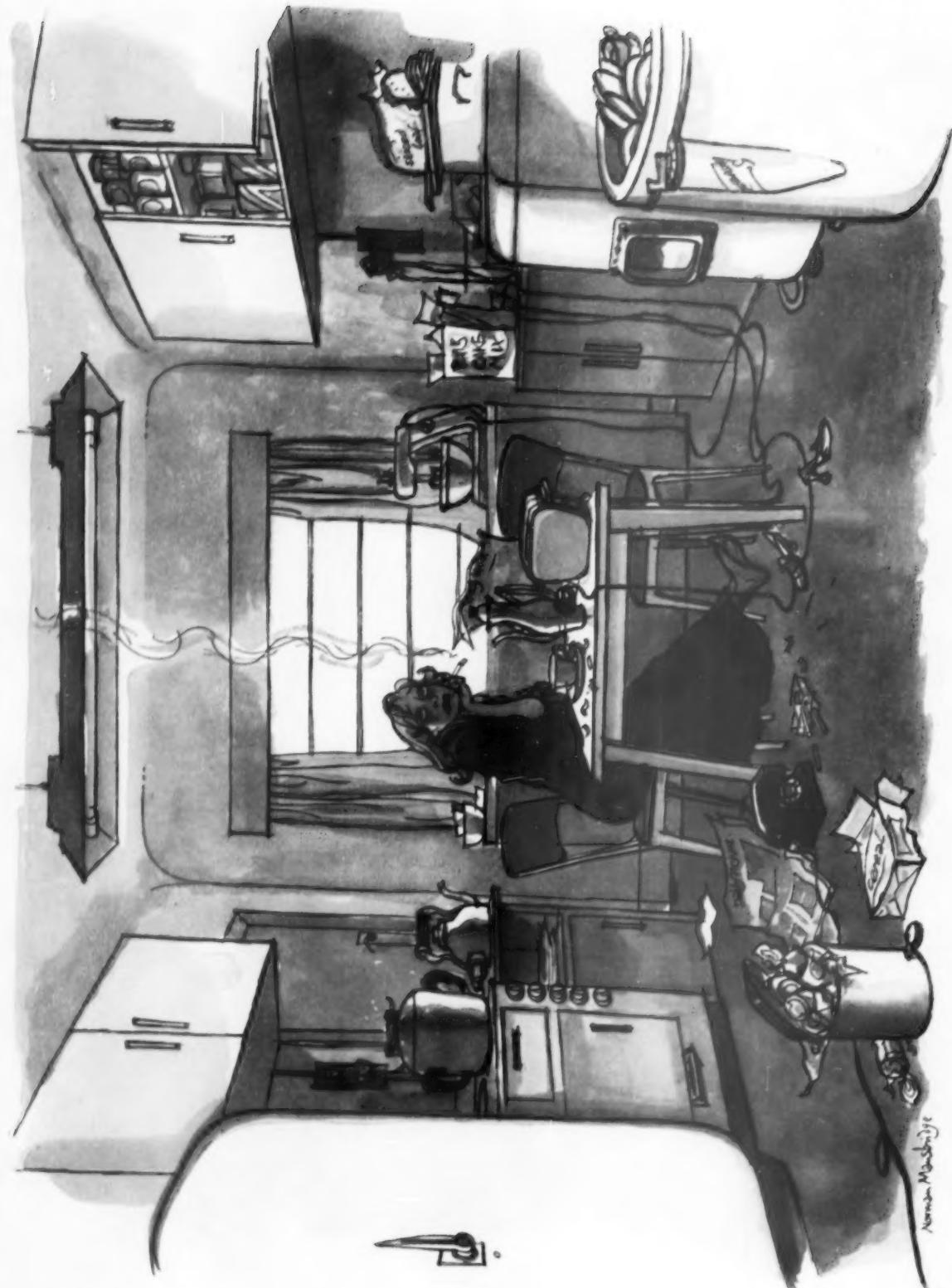




Health



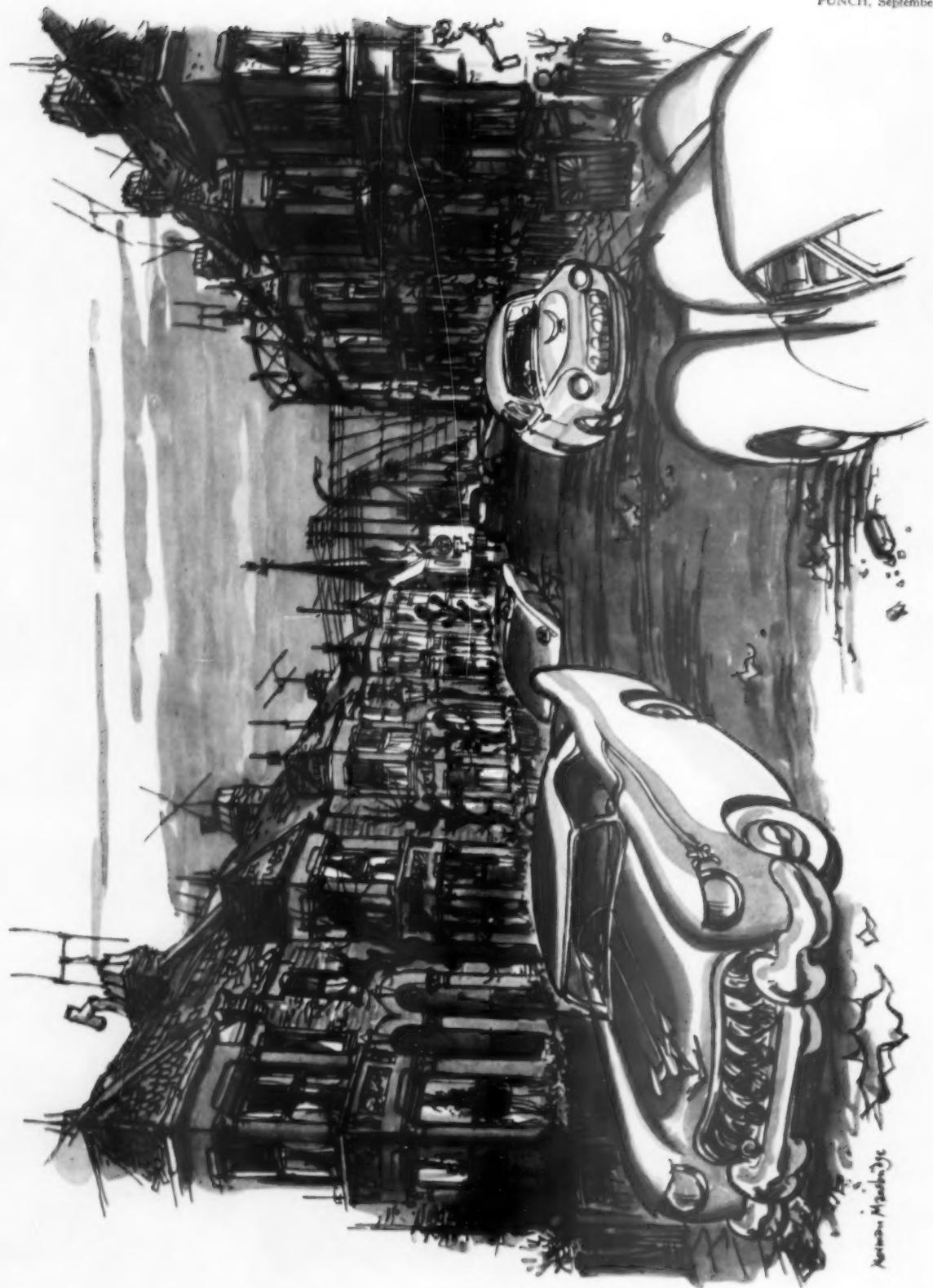
Assurance



Emancipation



Ecstasy



Elegance





Immortality

The Village

By CLAUD COCKBURN

WHAT awakened me was a noise like somebody emptying a bag of machinery over a dog. It was going to be like that two or three days a week from then on, but this was the first time. I started up shouting, like a stunned actor, "Where am I?" And where I was was an hotel in a remote village of the Cévennes, full of French Government officials; and, though I did not know it at the time, pretty soon I was going to be a French Government official for a while, too.

(Probably there are lots of people of British nationality who were born in Peking, China, and later at some period were minor officials in French villages, but I am the only one I ever actually came across.)

Being born in Peking was easier, I should say, at the distant time of which I write than it would be now. As for the business of being a French official, that was the product of social, political, and sexual passions. I knew the passions of that Cévennes village intimately, and no kind of crisis in France has ever surprised me since.

With all the heat that is being generated all the time in those villages, the wonder is the whole system can be kept from blowing all to bits once a month.

The clanking, yelping noise went off again just outside the door, and when I got out on the stairs there was a young man lying upside down on the steep stone steps with a racing bicycle on top of him and his head sticking through the frame.

I helped him disentangle himself, get to his feet, put the bicycle right way up. He introduced himself. "Lemoine, clerk, assistant to the tax-collector of this district. And you, if I make no mistake, are the Englishman who has come to sojourn amongst us."

He had slightly bulbous grey eyes in a small, honey face, and these swivelled about as he talked with you, sometimes giving you a quick look-over, sometimes looking quickly at the walls or ceiling with questioning glances, as though he were taking counsel with unseen advisers as to how best act in a tricky situation. They did so now.

"And were I to inquire," he said, smiling slyly at a bit of peeled plaster

hanging from the wall, "just *why* you have come to this village I don't suppose I should be much the wiser."

I said I had come to study quietly and improve my French. He nodded, shrugged and laughed—thinking, of course, as I learned later, that I was some kind of spy. Why so? Well, why not?

He himself, he told me, was from northern France—Lille, where he had at first worked in the tax department before being transferred, at nineteen, to "this hell hole."

It had been in Lille, evidently, that his parents had given him this bicycle—a racing bicycle, with low-swept handle-bars, bright-red tyres and a bell you could hear a mile off. A fine thing for the Lille district; he had dashed all over the flat roads there. Here, there was nothing but mountain.

At night he kept the bicycle chained and padlocked in his bedroom on the fourth floor of the hotel. He carried it, still chained, and often with catastrophe, down the stairs to breakfast, then unlocked it and rode to his office, fifty yards away, where he dragged the bicycle after him into his cubby-hole. At meal-times he put the bicycle upside down against the wall of the dining-room and chained it.

I suggested, in view of the fearful steepness of the stairs, that it could be more practical to leave it—chained and padlocked, naturally—downstairs at night. He wagged his bony finger at me. "I don't know," he said, "what people may be like where you come from, but take it from me, my good sir, that here people have bad characters."

He continued to drag the machine upstairs at night and struggle or crash down with it in the morning. Twice he knocked away parts of the rotting banister. When the proprietors complained, threatened, demanded damages, Lemoine threatened back, shouting that he was a member of the Socialist Party, and reciting by heart laws and

regulations demonstrating that the hotel was unfit for human habitation, its very existence a punishable crime.

The hotel, massive without, gimcrack within, had been a silk factory until artificial silk put it out of business. Then its floors rotted and collapsed and were haphazardly shored up and carpentered together by an elderly peasant called Luzeau, who bought the place and opened it as the only hotel in the village. It was called the Grand Hotel Splendid of the Rising Sun.

Luzeau senior was by now a gnarled old carcass who sat most of the time in the kitchen, shelling beans with an expression that told you he was brooding intensively on ways of possibly swindling other people before they could swindle him.

His son, who ran the hotel, and as a sideline speculated in everything from corn to stolen motor-cars, was a bouncing man of thirty, conducting his business in a series of acrobatic jumps, imposing on everyone by his air of energy which caused his fuzz of black hair to crackle on his head like electrified wire.

His impudence was extraordinary, nearly sublime. Declaring "We are all friends here," he refused his guests keys to their rooms, and was thus able to steal from them freely. Once three of them came down to breakfast and caught Luzeau Junior strutting about the yard, flexing his muscles under an unmistakable purple shirt stolen from





Guest Number One, and clamping, between ill-adjusted false teeth, a carved pipe, property of Number Two. He was just leaving on a business trip in his noisy racing car.

Shouting "My shirt!" "My pipe!" they were starting to affirm that these thefts marked the peak of possible impudence attainable even by notoriously impudent Luzeau when

they were interrupted by a loud gobbling noise from Guest Number Three, inarticulate from rage, and on another account, too. For the fact was that during that very night a set of new, very costly dentures supplied by the foremost dentist of Montpellier had been stolen from the bedside table of sleeping Number Three, and were now insolently flashing at him from the mouth of Luzeau Junior.

That time he had to give the things back, doing so, however, not with apologies but with menaces, saying that if he had any more of this rudeness from guests in his hotel he would know very well what to do.

Most of the people who lived and ate, or just ate, in the hotel were Government officials who had to be in this village on account of their jobs, and had no other hotel or restaurant to go to. Also, Luzeau was said to be a man-behind-the-scenes of the Radical-Socialist Party in this area. What he could do, one way or another, was to make the place too hot for anyone he chose to go for.

He was the subject of scandal, but he was in a position to go on thieving.

Even at this rate he held no Oscar

Award for Most Scandalous Citizen of the Year. That was shared—as a result not of joint action but of independent achievement—by the niece of the Protestant pastor, the Count of Rastazar, who was said to be swindling the whole village over its electricity supply, and by young M. François Barotte, who was *Receveur d'Enregistrements*.

It was this last who made me a Government official—although, since I have never found out exactly what official in England a *Receveur d'Enregistrements* corresponds to, I remain uncertain just what sort of official, in English, I was.

The facts were that François had, at this period, fallen madly in love with a girl in the Department of Lozère, and he wanted to go away for a week or so and visit her. This might have been all right had it not been that during the past couple of months he had been madly in love with girls in the Departments of Herault, Tarn, Ardèche, Vaucluse and Bouches du Rhône, and with one awkwardly placed so far away as the Haute Loire. He had closed the office of *Enregistrements* and gone off to visit them.

Even this might have been all right had it not been that he was at the same time involved—though in the more or less passive capacity of intended sacrifice or victim—in a political intrigue. He was a Royalist, and when drunk on the muddy *vin du pays* caused scandal by swaggering through the streets singing "*Les Rois ont fait la France*."

He was also a Roman Catholic, and in this ancient centre of religious warfare the majority of the populace was made up of Protestants and militant atheists.

So people viewed with disgust, pointed in uncontrollable and just



indignation, crying was it not an outrage—unfortunately all too typical but none the less abominable for that—that this priest-suckled Jesuit and would-be assassin of the Republic should rove from harem to harem over the length and breadth of France while, outside the closed office of *Enregistrements*, honest and industrious citizens, the taxes upon whose meagre earnings were contributing to the upkeep of this Vatican-inspired Pasha, stood all day in the cruel sun of the Midi, unable to obtain so much as a single sheet of *papier timbré* upon which to register their lawful transactions?

To close the office once again, Barotte opined, and go off to the Lozère, would produce an explosion that would wreck his career. But supposing I kept the place open, became temporarily *Receveur d'Enregistrements*? I begged him to dismiss the idea from his mind. An Englishman, probably a spy of some kind, meddling in local politics, infiltrating a branch of the Administration?

"But," said Barotte, "you are a Scotsman."

"Nobody here knows the difference."

"And you were born in Peking. Besides, they all think you're a damned odd sort of Englishman."

It was a nice office, with a veranda above the river, but although Barotte was away much longer than he said he would be, and I kept the place open dutifully all day, I never did find out exactly what the range of my functions was supposed to be.

Mostly, I handed out *papier timbré*—pre-taxed paper for the registration of various transactions—but then came a crisis. In a neighbouring village a small hotel had just opened, and it had a sign hanging outside it. At night this sign

was illuminated by means of a powerful electric torch fixed inside the window of one of the upper rooms. The question was: Is this an exterior illuminated sign, liable to one rate of taxation, or an interior one, taxable at a lower rate?

For some extraordinary reason this turned out to be matter not for the tax-collector's department but for me to settle. And when I looked for precedents in Barotte's law books, the only approximate ones I could find appeared to contradict one another.

It was vexatiously obvious, too, that whatever I did would be held against me. If I had the sign taxed at the higher rate—on the ground that the effect was that of an exterior sign—everyone was going to say I had been bribed by Luzeau *père et fils* to try to put the other hotel out of business. If I declared it an interior sign, on the ground that the illumination was interior, everyone would say that it was a known fact that the proprietor of the new hotel had offered me free board and lodging and that I had been seen packing in readiness to leave the Grand Hotel.

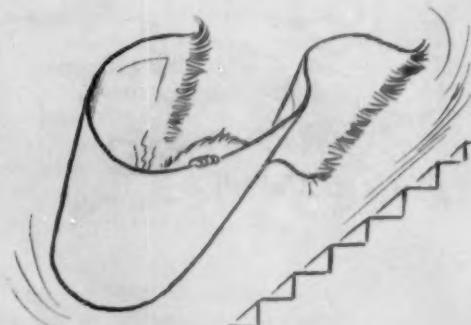
The only thing to do was stall, and send angry telegrams to the Lozère. Twice a week, sometimes accompanied—for the sake of solemnity—by a couple of gendarmes, I bicycled over to the neighbouring village with a tape-measure, a camera, and a notebook. I took pictures of the sign from all possible angles. I measured the size of the sign, and its precise distance from the source of illumination, taking care to make only one measurement on each visit, enter it in the notebook, and bring it back to the office for careful study and consideration.

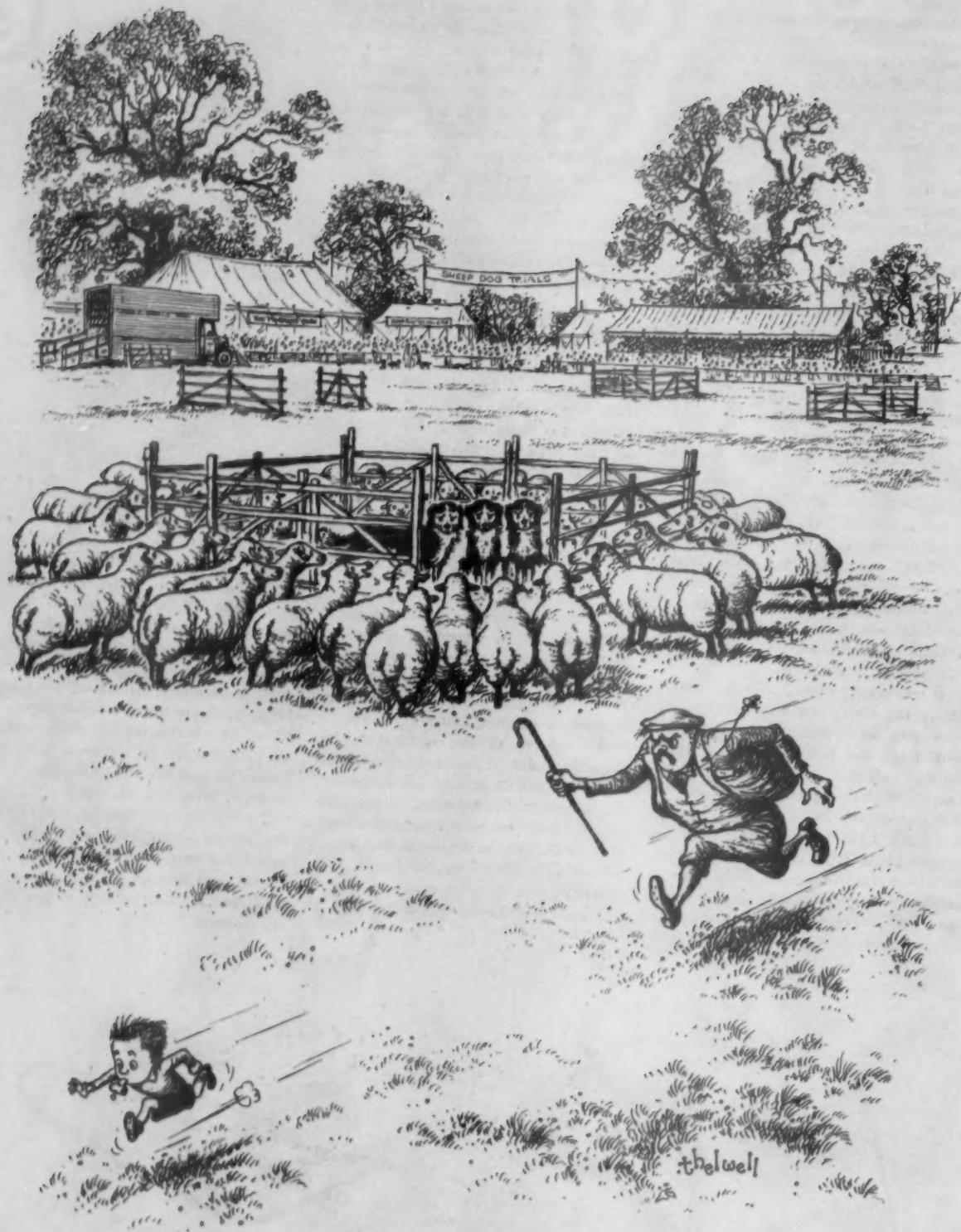
The important thing was to appear *sérieux*.



Just before the decision became inevitable Barotte returned and, without even visiting the place, declared in favour of the higher rate. He said that, since the effect was, so to speak, external, it would be an affront to French logic to treat this as an interior sign. He drew, publicly, a terrifying picture of whole streets of hotels and shops with enormous outside signs, all lit up by electric torches from within, all claiming to be exempt from the higher tax and causing grave loss to the financial resources of France.

To me, he said that he had reports that the accommodation and food at the new hotel were even worse than at the Grand, and that in any case it was too far from his office for him to live there conveniently.





Everlastings

Lady Chatterley's Lover : D. H. Lawrence



I
P at the Hall there were lights, talks about sex.

"The whole point of the problem . . ." "But is there a problem . . . ?" "Or rather, should there be . . . ?"

Soldier, scientist, short-story writer, tense in the firelight.

"Pure property instinct!" (Brigadier-General.)

"Vital little dynamo between him and her, to bring success . . . mind you, I'd much rather talk to a woman myself." (Air Vice-Marshal.)

"If you've the proper emotion, and don't sleep with her, you're a howling cad!" (Astronomer.)

"Are we rabbits?"

"What's wrong with rabbits?"

"Or eels," said a stockbroker.

"Still, we aren't rabbits, and can't hope to be."

So, like summer lightning, it flashed on. And now and again they'd appeal to their host, Sir Clifford, whom the war had snatched off after a month's marriage and sent back, neatly dismantled, to life in a bathchair.

"I'm afraid," he would reply, blushing, "I'm *hors de combat*."

And Connie, his wife, sat and sewed. Hers not to reason why, hers but to . . .

II

Already she had a lover, that shocking dramatist who would kneel and hold her two feet in his two hands and bury his head in her lap till—how resist?—she would touch his neck, whereupon he would give a deep shudder and gaze up at her with that awful appeal * * *

* * * * * Of course she couldn't tell Clifford. Michaelis was such a bounder, drawing them towards the bitch-goddess Success, and only she (and some few big-hearted women) knew those moments when the child crying in the night cried out of his breast to her.

And perhaps it might, indirectly, be helping Clifford's stories.

III

They went, Clifford and Connie, in the pale February sunshine across the

park with the sulphurous pit-heads in the distance, and the new chair attachment chugging merrily, till they came to the old oak wood.

"I consider this," he said, "really the heart of England."

"Oh, do you?" She had almost to scream, for at this moment the eleven o'clock hooter sounded.

"This is the old England, the heart of it! And I intend to keep it intact!"

"Yes?"

Then he spoke, carefully off-hand, about "the sex thing"—which surely one could do without—but if not, there was no reason why she shouldn't take a lover; and if she needed a child, why, she should have that too; and "it" would inherit these acres . . .

But who—it throbbed in her—who . . .

Out of the trees, like a swift menace, stepped Mellors.

In dark green velveteens and gaiters, red-moustached and red-faced, and lifting his hat, he stared straight into Connie's eyes with a perfect, fearless, impersonal look. She bent to him shyly, and he changed his hat to his left hand and made her a slight bow, like a gentleman. "Ma'am—Your Ladyship."

"Connie," said Sir Clifford, "this is the new gamekeeper!"

IV

He had been a lieutenant—she disengaged as much from one of the cottagers—and come back to the pits where he started, and she resented him, and found herself seeking the wood. There the trees were waiting, in the



"Siesta, no doubt."

potency of their stillness. Strong, aristocratic silence, the reticence of stout, country-bred trunks, what could it mean?

There was *he*, two paces off, washing himself!

Unawares, she had come on the cottage, the little yard; and here, in all the lambency, the warm, white flame of his apartness, he was preparing to scrub his neck!

Necks could be so different.

She backed away. Despite herself she had had a shock: a visionary experience, which hit her in the middle.

V

That middle—she decided, staring in the glass—had lost a little of its fresh round gleam.

The shade of herself! cried sister Hilda. What's come to my bonnie Scotch trout? asked her father, the R.A. with the spanking thighs. A little thinner, Clifford agreed; so, to relieve her of irksome duties, Mrs. Bolton, the District nurse, was called in.

Old at twenty-seven! The mental life! Suddenly she hated it with a rushing fury.

She shot off to pick daffodils behind the cottage.

VI

She had come on a little clearing, a secret hut made of rustic poles, where the pheasants were reared, and the chicks were so soft and alive, and she sat with Mellors by a fire, and then asked if there was a second key.

"Not as Ah knows on there isn't." It was like a slap in the face.

VII

Next time he said "'Appen yer'd better 'ave this key, an' Ah mun fender t' bods—'"

"What did you say?"

"'Appen as Ah can find another pleece as'll—'"

"Oh, do speak ordinarily!"

"Ah thowt it *wor* ordinary."

But what he was thinking was: "I stand for the touch of bodily awareness between two human beings, and the touch of tenderness. And she is my mate. And it is a battle against money, and the machine, and the monkey-minded old-womanliness of the world."

VIII

Night after night Clifford sat up with Mrs. Bolton playing piquet. Under this new inspiration he had given up stories and taken—with amazing aptitude—to schemes for wresting a fortune out of the pits by making electricity. His eyes had a hard shine.

Connie watched the pheasants grow. One day, when Mellors was in the middle of one of his tongue-twisters, he was suddenly aware of the old flame shooting and leaping in him; he fought against it, but it leapt down—this queer thing—to circle his knees.

She was kneeling, crying blindly. His knees melted. He put his hand on her back.

"'Appen as— Shall we go in?" * *

* * * *

But had it—asked her modern woman's mind—been necessary, had it been real?

Any fault was not with the woman, nor even with love, or sex, or poor Clifford. It lay out there in those evil electric lights and diabolical shuttings of engines, in the nightmare of greedy machines working overtime for the bitch-goddess Success.

IX

When she went now to the hut he spoke softly, intelligibly; and she was Lady Jane and he Jack Sprat, and life for a time was all daisies and dewdrops.

X

"I'm going to have a baby," she announced to her father, the R.A. with the spanking thighs.



"What's that?" asked Sir Malcolm, instantly alert. "I hope you had a real man at last."

"Oh, yes, father. It's—it's the gamekeeper."

"What!"

"You see, father, he was an officer in India; only, like Colonel C. F. Florence, he's aloof and apart."

Not all that far, thought the knight. It was just the sort of conceit he most loathed. However, he said "I'd better see him."

They met at his club: the two men circling round, looking each other up and down. They drank whisky, and all through the meal talked about India.

Then, over a cigar, Sir Malcolm said heartily: "Well, young man, what about my daughter?"

The grin flickered over Mellors' face. "Well, sir, what about her?"

"She's to have a child of yours, I understand."

"I have that honour," grinned Mellors.

"Honour, by God!" Sir Malcolm gave a little squirting laugh. "So you're a gamekeeper? I know your little game! Quite right, only one worth a man's while. The test of a woman is when you pinch her; you can tell by the feel how she's going to come up. Ha, ha! I envy you, my boy. How old are you?"

"Thirty-nine."

"Another twenty years by the look of you. Lucky—gamekeeper! Ho! ho! ho! That's rich, by crikey!"

And he spanked his thighs all the way up St. James's.

XI

And Mrs. Bolton said "*J'adoube*" to Sir Clifford, and more and more electricity was churned out of those frightful pits, and Lady Chatterley and her lover counted the world well lost on a farm where there were oil lamps, and the bull chased the cows, and tares and wheat twined gladly together, and it was dewdrops and daisies from dawn till eve.

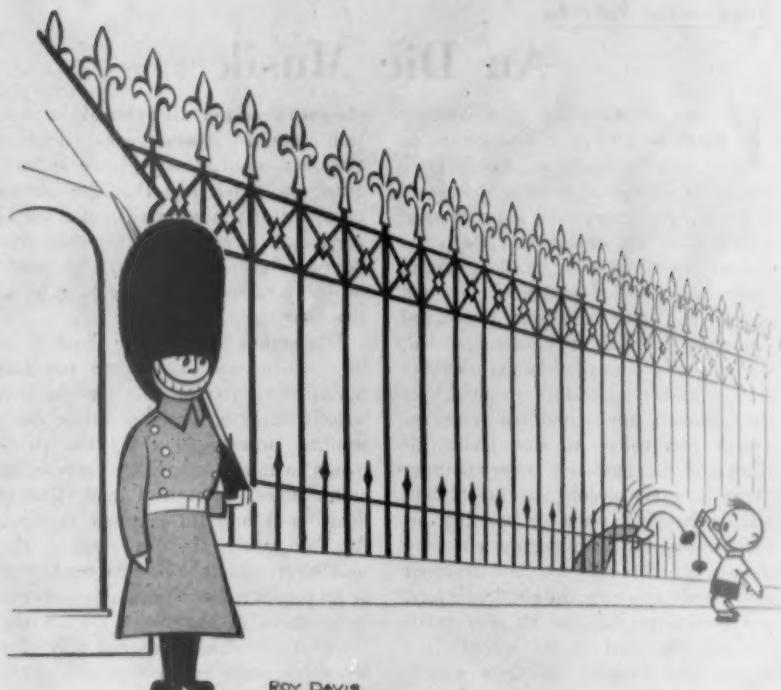
G. W. STONIER



"Mr. Christian Pineau, a 50-year old Socialist who amuses himself by writing fairy tales on Monday was asked to form a new French government."

Straits Echo and Times of Malaya

Might provide some local colour



Terminus

MANY a book has been printed in praise of a derelict railway; Hundreds of people are bitter whenever a branch line is closed— Even a newspaper story about an abandoned embankment Brings a far stronger response than an editor might have supposed.

Is it a part of the craze for collecting Victorian objects? (Viaducts, bridges and stations are gorgeous with Gothic remains.) Somehow born of decay is a totally new kind of writing, Literature wholly concerned with the *cultus* of trains.

Photographs taken of pantographs, notes cataloguing catenaries, Mix with nostalgic emotions—the "Ichabod" type of approach, Partly sidero-dromology, partly the sort of affection Felt at the sight of a clerestory coach.

One of these days helicopters will drive cars into retirement; Bicycles, too, will be lost in the wake of our vanishing trains— Then, with the motorways only kept open for long-distance lorries, Writers will linger on lanes.

"West of the Great North Road, as they once inexplicably called it, Hidden by old-man's-beard, with scarcely a remnant of tar, Runs an old track which was, as late as the nineteen-eighties, Used by a car."

Though it is sadder, I think that I'd rather read of a system Which, having slowly struggled up to the hard-gained top, Now is descending increasingly speedily down to the final Stop.

ANTHONY BRODE

Saga in the Suburbs

An Die Musik

IN our metropolitan days amateur music in the home was something we could only dream about. Only one of our furnished dwellings possessed a piano, and there was a ladies' and gentlemen's agreement that no child was to be allowed to set its sticky fingers thereon. As for the flats, although radios and television sets thundered night and day, vacuum cleaners howled, washing-machines thudded, typewriters rattled and refrigerators moaned, yet the moment any tenant so much as raised his voice in the Hallelujah Chorus during bath-time, to say nothing of practising the piccolo, irate neighbours started banging walls or sending up more-in-anger-than-in-sorrow notes by the porter. Not only were we deprived of fresh air, space for the children's feet, and companionship for all concerned, but we also had to go without the artistic and creative fulfilment which, child psychology books assured us, was essential to the well-being of all ages. In fact if we wanted to make a noise we had to do it mechanically.

It would be different, we kept on assuring ourselves, when we got out to Talkington. Even in a semi-detached house it was reasonable to assume that

the people on the other side of the party wall would possess some musical tolerance—in fact any glance at literature could tell one that the normal occupant of the other side of a semi's party wall is a dramatic soprano who hopes to see better days. It would probably be we who would have to do the banging.

It was thus an appalling shock to us to discover that Talkington too had moved with the times. No children wearily dragging battered music cases shuffled unwillingly along the pavements to music lessons—no stumbling cascades of Schumann and Czerny floated out into the summer evening. Any unearthly screams rending the welkin turned out to be cats, tea kettles or jet planes rather than children in the early stages of the violin. Even the Waits at Christmas consisted only of a few enterprising tough boys who dimly remembered seeing a comic strip "classic" indicating that there had been once a method of securing an easy penny by shouting *Good King Wenceslas* under people's windows. The terrifying perfection of canned music on radio and television—or perhaps the ghastly fate of countless concerto-composers on

the films—had put anyone off trying to produce music in the home. Cowed by the general atmosphere we thought we'd put it off a little longer until we could afford Hi-Fi.

We had reckoned without the children themselves. They had always tended to sing in their sleep and produce weird scales with elastic bands stretched across empty tins. Now the eldest went farther, coming home from a tea-time visit with the announcement that the friend's father had a trumpet in the attic which he would lend indefinitely to anyone who would *use* it. Our child proposed to do so, and, the early stages of trumpet playing being what they are, we took to long walks and hoping that the trumpet practising would go unnoticed beyond our actual walls. But in no time at all neighbours were popping out of gardens saying that they'd noticed we had a trumpeter in the family and what a wonderful institution it was—not like all this canned music, and fine for the lungs too.

Fired by this example and the obvious need to go one better, the second child came panting back from school one day with the information that there was a piano on the notice board outside the paper-shop for two pounds and could he buy it with his savings? It cost almost as much to move the piano from where it was cluttering up somebody's front room so that they couldn't buy a TV, and the sound produced was distinctly honky-tonk, but all the notes worked, and several visitors made the child handsome offers for the wood, which they said would make an impressive book case. However, the child could already play *God Save the Queen* with one hand, and spent a lot of time telling us pointed anecdotes about the boyhood of the Young Mozart and practising for appearing on some Talents Programme on TV, so he had no difficulty in resisting such blandishments. What with him practising the accompaniment to *God Save the Queen* and the eldest tootling away in the attic, we soon got a reputation for being a musical family. The headmaster at the School talked energetically of organizing a musical afternoon and we were not really surprised when one day the youngest child came back in tears because everybody said boo hoo the boys could play musical instruments and why couldn't she?



We bought her a recorder as being the simplest form of music-making possible, and spent several agonized days trying to understand the book of instructions that went with it. But in the end every member of the family, even the parents, was able to play the recorder, and we could impress guests with a recorder, trumpet and piano ensemble performance of *God Save The Queen* followed by a short, dull, easy tune called *The Shepherdess*, varied by *The Shepherdess* followed by *God Save the Queen*. The fact that the trumpet was slightly sharper than the piano and the recorder slightly flatter than either merely added to variety. By then, of course, the children were clamouring to have piano lessons and had already told the school, with their usual appealing modesty, that they could play the piano and/or recorder at Assembly if called upon to do so. As the school is keen on encouraging poise, confidence, and creative feelings they were allowed to do this, and the other children watched with awestruck admiration, apparently overcome at realizing that their contemporaries could produce this kind of noise without even twiddling a knob.

Since then our house has been besieged by enthusiastic infants asking if ours can Give Them a Music Lesson and offering payment in sweets, tattered comics and second-hand Yo-Yos. Equal to almost anything, our children keep steadily one lesson ahead and pass on their most distorted views of music at extremely cut rate and doubtful profit to their pupils. Oddly enough this seems to be displacing TV as entertainment among their friends, and several parents have announced their intention of looking round for second-hand pianos on notice boards because after all they learned the piano once. And we have got our music—for once Talkington conforming to us. Though it is at a pretty high price, considering that most of the music seems to take place in our sitting-room.

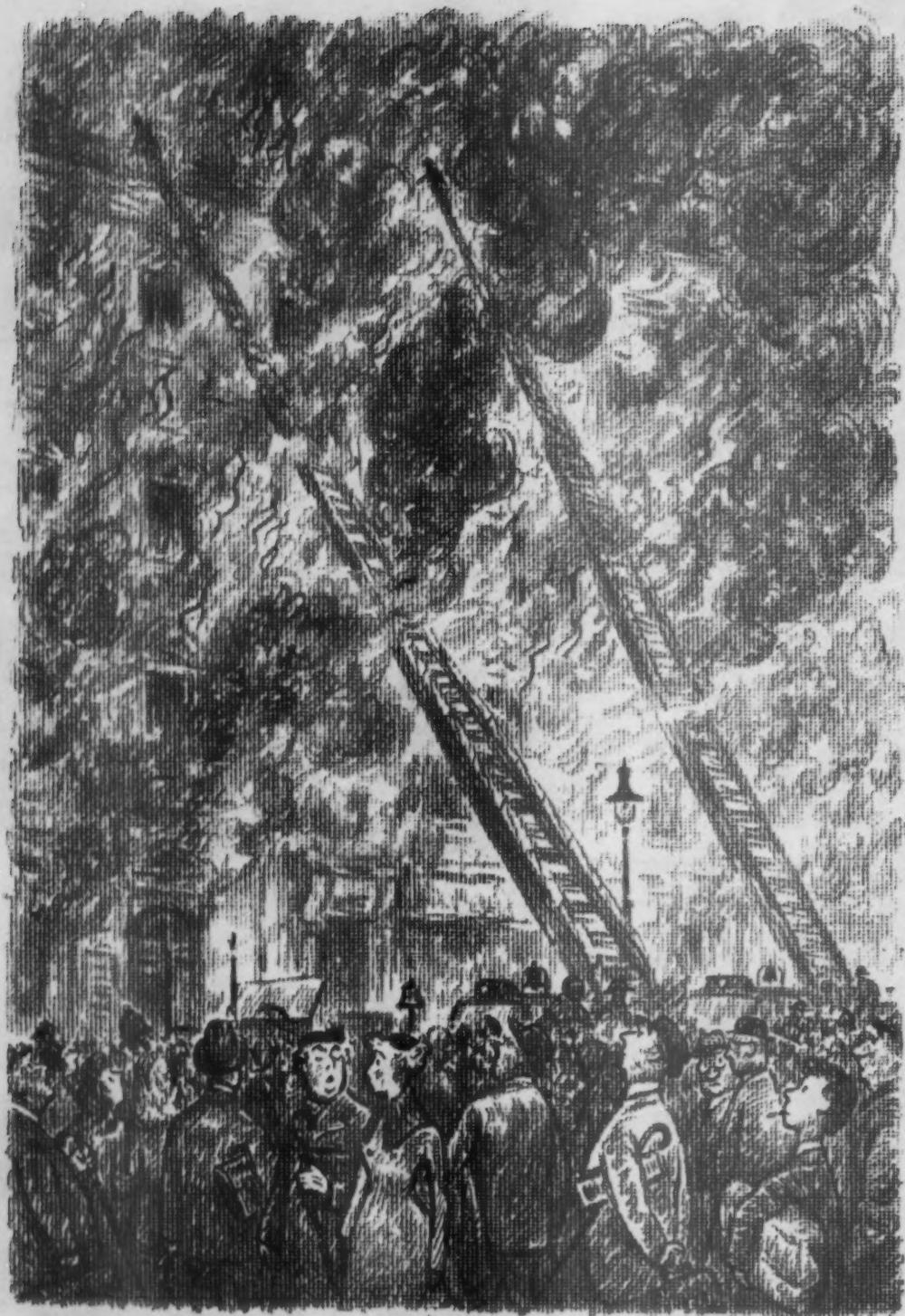
DIANA and MEIR GILLON

2 2

"Hospitality between the Moslem Northerners and the more primitive and large pagan South Sudanese is one of the complicating factors in the Sudanese situation."—*East African Standard*

It all began when they asked Major Salem to that dance.





"This is a fine start for a smokeless zone, I must say."



Rich Man, Poor Man . . .

ECONOMISTS are back where they were in the early 'thirties—in disgrace. They are so divided in their opinions, analyses and diagnoses that the public is once more laughing openly at the dismal science, mocking the prophets and refusing to take their bewildering advice. Is there a slump, or isn't there? Are we heading for economic disaster or aren't we? One week we are told that the country is almost on the rocks, living well beyond its income and industrially inefficient; the next we are reminded that Britain has never been so prosperous and that the weather is set fair for a decade and longer.

The experts agree only in recognizing the presence in our midst of inflation, though to some it is the curse of the age and to others the beautifully efficient lubricant of a social revolution. We are neglecting those great basic industries coal and cotton, and we are also wasting our resources in attempting to keep them alive and kicking. We are consuming too much of what we produce, and we are hampered in the export field because our manufacturers (unlike those of the United States) lack strong domestic markets. We are fooling around in a crisis with outmoded and useless weapons of monetary discipline and we are strangling incentives at birth by the credit squeeze . . .

One well-known economic pundit believes that all will be well if the authorities restrain the fiduciary issue with ball and chain; another that we must return to physical controls; others, that we need to emigrate, import foreign workers, limit dividends, cut taxes, increase taxes, devalue the pound, revalue the pound . . .

My own view (not necessarily that of more than a few million victims of the revolution) is that social cataclysm cannot be halted by any of the old classical nostrums, not even by those advocated by the British Employers'

Confederation. At the moment wages rise for three reasons—because the unions compete with each other to improve their differentials, because *some* employers bid up wage rates in order to secure for themselves adequate supplies of labour, and because wage-earners generally still believe that they can cut themselves a larger share of the national cake. And, frankly, I cannot see an end to the spiral while profits on the home market remain so good.

Any serious decline in exports would, of course, produce unemployment, but whether such a situation would mean a change of heart in the unions is doubtful. I have the feeling that they would still regard themselves as bargaining from a position of strength. Employers who have always insisted that a healthy home market is the essential prerequisite of successful trading overseas now have their wish—with a vengeance. With domestic demand bolstered by the

Welfare State and stimulated by commercial radio they can go on making paper profits till the cows come home. For a time we can take in each other's washing and enjoy the fiction of fruitful activity, but without exports the system would soon be faint for lack of nourishment.

We are consuming our own exports and shipping the left-overs, and there will be no return to rationalism until the country is prepared to adopt a new wages policy and put the law of supply and demand back into commission.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, inflation or no, let me remind investors that the P. and O. decision to enter the oil-tanker business makes the shares of the shipbuilders (Harland and Wolff, Swan Hunter, and the rest) worth more than a second look. The initial contracts are worth £37m., and more are likely to follow.

MAMMON



Salmon Substitute

THERE are some people who fish for sport; I, on the other hand, fish for fish. Philosophical exercises were never very much in my line, and I have never felt the urge to extend my capacity for patience by getting cramp, hunched up on a camp-stool, along with the band of hopefuls who sit for hours beside the banks of the Torridge. These sudden yogis tell me they are fishing. A glance at their empty baskets proves that they do it for mere sport. But at least they can sit; unlike the enthusiasts who pay £3 a day for a rod, in the hope of catching a salmon, and who stand, casting at a pool, entangled in their own temper. And to add to my bewilderment I have observed that whenever these optimists do manage to make a catch they rush off to a taxidermist and not to the kitchen.

I suppose I must be primitive. The only reason I go fishing is because I like eating fish. Obviously I'm more

bad than sportsman. But should there be other rotters about let me give them some advice: abandon the ordinary salmon, go fishing for salmon bass.

To start with the most important aspect, my palate can recommend the creature. It is similar to salmon in texture, but because it is plentiful it is cheap, and as difficult to sell or buy as herrings are in Lowestoft. Salmon costs 10s. a lb., bass 1s. 8d.: but only an epicure could distinguish their flavour.

These bass feed in shoals at the mouths of estuaries. They can also be caught from the shore. I find the best method of filling the deep-freeze is to take a boat, just at the ebb of the tide, and trail three lines from the stern, each baited with a rubber eel, which spins actively when drawn through the water. The colour of the eel should be in contrast to the colour of the water. On a fine day with a blue sky, a white eel is effective; on a cloudy day, try red. Using a rod with a slipping reel, a 10 lb. breaking strain is ample, but with a set reel the line should be strong enough to hold 20 lb. An average bass is about 5 lb. They run up to 10 lb. Many of us have been catching a hundredweight of fish with three lines between tides. These creatures seem to have been created for fishermen like me, because they have a tendency to suicide and seem to take the bait at any pretext.

And here's a final sporting note. The best way to cook these creatures is of course to poach them in sea water and then down them in dry hock.

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

Forty Years After

RE-READING Dumas's *The Three Musketeers* for the first time since I soaked myself in the English translation as a boy, I have been struck by the evaporation of mystery. The panache, the simple, bustling humours, the stylistic gasconades are as lively as ever; but it was not the speed of the narrative that used to excite me but the unintelligibility, the dimly glimpsed shadows that made a monstrous background for the adventures. I am depressed to find that the Cardinal has turned into an amateur soldier and professional politician; it is even worse to find that he is only thirty-six. He used to be an old, old man of vast malignity, a schemer in the class of Fu Manchu or Moriarty or Long John Silver. I do not think I ever realized he was a kind of clergyman.

Not yet being aware of intrigue as connected with the passions, I took all the stuff about whispers at lattices, embroidered handkerchiefs, Madame de Chevreuse and secret interviews between Buckingham and Anne of Austria as an outcropping of evil for its own sake. The atmosphere of the Louvre, which seemed to be the centre of the coven, was that of the Escorial in Chesterton's *Lepanto*: "The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin, And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in." I took Milady to be a witch. Not realizing that a brand was simply evidence of a previous conviction, I assumed that the mark Athos saw on her shoulder was the Evil One's, hence his difficulty in hanging her effectively, which now seems just an example of the innate amateurishness of the aristocracy.

The reader is supposed to be for the Queen against the Cardinal and King. Both sides struck me as equally undesirable. Both fought the English and would have been villains in Henty. The Inseparable Four were attractive scamps and in incidents like the meal under fire in the bastion Saint-Gervais their behaviour, though florid, was

near-Anglo-Saxon. On the other hand, no English heroes would have known where to find the nearest public executioner, and in the dash to London only twenty-five per cent got through, while the remainder lived safely for weeks in pubs on the lines of communication.

To-day the simplicity with which Dumas builds up his main characters strikes one as the obvious source for all the type-casting in later school stories.



He insists over and over again on the noble melancholy of Athos, the vanity of Porthos, the lady-like piety of Aramis, the greediness of Billy Bunter—no, though Bunter would have strengthened the book on its weakest side. To a boy Athos hardly existed. To Dumas he is as parfit and gentil as Lord Peter Wimsey to Miss Sayers. To the older reader he is much the least attractive of the heroes, with his self-pity and pride of race and bullying of his servant and sodden drinking. D'Artagnan thought he was wonderful, but then D'Artagnan, we are constantly reminded, was very raw. Athos is one of the seedier father-substitutes in fiction. He is compared favourably with Lord de Winter, who is one of the crude nobility of England; but at least de Winter tried imprisoning Milady while Athos tried to kill her, which suggests the Englishman had an

altogether more adult attitude to family problems.

I find it a little difficult to place the Musketeers in the military machine. One does not feel that their life included much musketry. Were they officers or men? They had servants, paid or owed by themselves, who seem to be off-the-strength batmen, but no troopers below them or unit commanders above. Despite all the talk of fighting they never fight the enemy, except in the Bastion, when they wanted a quiet talk together on how to ruin the Commander-in-Chief and the enemy turned up and insisted on being fought. Operating within the framework of the Army they pursue their own foreign policy, frequently riding away from the enemy to roam about France finding poisoned landladies in convents and making remarks like "*Elle se trouve mal.*" They took the ease with which they got leave as evidence of Monsieur de Treville's soft spot for them; but may it not have been evidence that he found them less nuisance off duty than on? As for D'Artagnan, he associates exclusively with Musketeers. He is in but not of the Guards, who never seem to give him any training or make much use of his services. His less distinguished colleagues probably did not beat him up because they spotted that he would obviously get early promotion and be able to advance or impede their own careers.

If the novel has lost its mystery it has gained an appealing absurdity and the rattle of the story continues to enchant. Compared with modern historical novels it sees persons and feuds and causes rather than economic trends. There is more duelling than harvesting, more drinking than eating, more gambling than litigation, more action than thought. It has probably conditioned more reactions to the past than any book except the Bible. But the past would have recognized itself in these pages better than in more recent mirrors. The early seventeenth century was the boyhood of the modern world and it is appropriate for an historical novel about it to be boyish. R. G. G. PRICE

Waiting for the Mahatma. R. K. Narayan. Methuen, 12/6

The poignant urges of young love, in conflict with a period of social and political change, are most movingly described in Mr. Narayan's latest novel: unquestionably the best to come out of India since the recent war. In this odyssey of Sriram, a lazy, ingenuous, but endearing young man who, captivated by Gandhi's beautiful, wayward, and dedicated god-daughter Bharati, forsakes his comfortable home and acidulous yet kindly grandmother to become the Mahatma's disciple, comedy and drama are blended with a technical skill to which no short review can do justice; while the superiority of creative fiction over mere biography is once more demonstrated by the vivid impression of Gandhi that remains with us.

One example of the author's disconcertingly original brand of humour may be cited (from the scene in which Granny is unexpectedly resuscitated upon her funeral pyre): "Let us be happy that she is back from the other world." The doctor brooded. This was the first situation of the kind in his experience. Previously he had known only one-way traffic."

J. M.-R.

The Fall of the Sparrow. Nigel Balchin. Collins, 12/6

Jason Pellew had a hard upbringing with a mad and bullying father. At school he became warped in a slightly different direction. Finally he became a crook; but before that happened he had shown enough courage to join in the Spanish war and a certain amount of efficiency before being invalided out in the Second World War. The narrator is a clear-sighted friend, who sees that something was lacking in Jason and that he was not just a victim of his upbringing.

The novel is not as unsatisfactory as this summary of it suggests, though it ought to be. Mr. Balchin's ability to tell a tale sometimes makes him willing to tell any tale. He carries you along and makes his various milieux plausible; but his professionalism stops short of his selection of theme. It is true that his greatest successes have been his repeated novels about the maimed male, but until he can force his way out through his obsessions his skill will remain constricted.

R. G. G. P.

The Sadler's Wells Ballet. Mary Clarke. Black, 21/-

That Miss Clarke should have found the title of her book unappropriated by an earlier chronicler of the ballet in England indicates its timely appearance. Next year the Sadler's Wells Ballet, having gained renown unsurpassed this side of the Iron Curtain, will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary. It owes its origin to two remarkable women, Lilian Baylis and Ninette de Valois. There was a natural affinity between the doughty matriarch of the Old Vic and the young

dancer fired with more than personal ambition by experience in Diaghilev's ballet.

From the six girls with which the Vic-Wells Ballet began in 1931 the present complex organization has evolved. Besides the two companies—the one based on Covent Garden and the other at Sadler's Wells Theatre—there is now the Sadler's Wells School which, for its junior pupils (9–16), has just entered into possession of White Lodge, Richmond Park.

The history of the ballet is in the main the story of Dame Ninette, the brilliant woman in whom the visionary, the artist and the administrator are wonderfully combined. But Miss Clarke's narrative goes fully into the many and various factors, influences, setbacks and triumphs which have shaped the development of the enterprise. Appendices and lavish illustration add much to the value of this delightful and authoritative book.

C. B. M.

AT THE OPERA

Fidelio—Zauberflöte
(ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL)

DURING the first half-hour the theatre creaked with mental effort as we adjusted ourselves to *Fidelio* stripped of its spoken dialogue, which WIELAND WAGNER finds—as who doesn't?—"on a low spiritual plane" compared with Beethoven's music. Prison bars, black curtains and spotlights were the sole décor. GRÉ BROUWENSTIJN, the adorable Leonora, wore jacket and trousers of the kind that used to be seen on reformatory boys.

Of these and kindred matters—such as the circling, hypnotized trudge of Pizzaro's prisoners, who are become crop-headed chain gang—we must be wary of making too much. As befits a grandson of the great Richard, Herr WAGNER is producer as well as designer. And production comes first. The prison bars and pancake rostrum within subserve it.

Most people who go to the Festival Hall for these *Fidelio* performances by the Stuttgart Company, Dr. LEITNER conducting, will be seeing opera produced, in the word's full sense, for the first time in their lives. By this I mean that the score has first been viewed as a whole, then worked over bar by bar, each actor being strictly rationed, timed and drilled in his movements and gestures, so that these interlock with those of his fellows and make truly eloquent stage groupings. There is intense thought and contriving behind all this, but the outcome is not cerebral. As Herr WAGNER has visualized it, the famous *Mir ist so wunderbar* quartet is needlesharp in its pathos. Not only are we reconciled to Leonora's reformatory jacket and the gaoler's quasi-trenchcoat and jackboots; we accept these things as utterly right, as the one feasible solution.



"We can't have it all ways. Some of 'em are bound to say they're coming in just for the money."

To say all this is not to posit perfection. Certain of the chorus patterns are inexpressibly good. A squad of fettered prisoners newly out of the dungeons, their pallid faces upturned, lean and list in unison the better to see the sun. There is greatness here. But Pizzaro's soldiery do their highly stylized drills raggedly—inevitably so, I fear; such routines can be perfected only if you have as much time, money and discipline at your disposal as the director of an American musical.

GUSTAV NEIDLINGER, the Pizzaro (all-black, with one startling scarlet lapel), looked like Napoleon playing Marlon Brando playing Gounod's Mephistopheles. There was much good singing, especially from the Leonora.

The Stuttgarters have given us two good nights, *Fidelio* and *Elektra*, and two bad ones. Except for SARI BARABAS' Queen of the Night, *Zauberflöte* was almost as inept and unhappy as *Tristan* a night or two earlier. Allowance must be made, of course, for technical snags. Staging opera at the Festival Hall is no easy matter. The first to admit this are the Hall authorities. "The critics," they say, with sardonic twinkles, "have made a remarkable discovery. They have got round to the fact that the Festival Hall isn't an opera house."

The joke would be funnier if the management did not charge such ferociously operatic prices: 7s. 6d. to three guineas, compared with 4s. to £1 2s. at Covent Garden. I wonder how many of the people who paid three guineas for *Tristan* and *Zauberflöte* last week are likely to do so again?

CHARLES REID



AT THE PLAY

The Ermine
(PLAYHOUSE, NOTTINGHAM)

THE Nottingham Playhouse, one of the most adventurous of our repertory theatres, continues to explore ANOUILH. Last year it produced *The Waltz of the Toreadors* for the first time on the English stage, and now it does the same office for his first major play, *The Ermine* (*L'Hermine*), which he wrote when he was only twenty-one, and already, it seems, without much hope for the poor old human race. Very much a *pièce noire*—black as your hat, indeed, for much of the way—it is more mature than one would have expected. As produced here by JOHN HARRISON, with tact and drive, it is often surprisingly powerful; but its chief interest lies in the accuracy with which both in ideas and characters it lays down much of the little-changing pattern of the later ANOUILH. The old lady and the two lovers; the girl who retains a kind of innocence though overwhelmed by passion; the fascination with the boredoms of the rich and aristocratic; the haunting use of music: these and other hallmarks to recur frequently in ANOUILH are in this play, as well as his attitude to sex which, idealistic yet entirely unrelated to morality, can baffle a British audience.

In *The Ermine* plenty of evidence points to his sense of the theatre, but he had still not learned the danger of an unsympathetic hero. Frantz is a young man deeply in love, and as deeply certain that love cannot survive poverty. That is all very well, but one must be specific. Agreed, that in a one-room tenement the delicacy of any generous feeling is likely to be blunted; but when we come to twelve hundred a year, and Frantz dismisses it as chicken-feed for the nourishment of a love so exquisite as his, we approach the assumption that

lasting bliss must be reserved strictly for millionaires. Frantz is obsessed by money, but not prepared to work for it; and therefore with the greatest brutality and a rather sickening kind of pity he murders the old duchess who stands between his adored and a fortune. So fanatically does he believe in his justification that even if every old lady in France had had to be bashed on the head he would not have been deterred. Monime feels otherwise. She grows up suddenly into a woman who realizes that nothing is left beyond a grim alliance, and in his horror Frantz gives himself up to the police whom he has easily outwitted. At least it must be granted by the sternest moralist that, if not for the conventional reasons, ANOUILH's characters have to pay just as heavily for their rebellions as any transgressor in a Victorian novel.

Towards its end the play becomes frank melodrama, in which the basic tiresomeness of Frantz can no longer be disguised, but in the earlier scenes the lovers' relationship is examined with a tenderness and insight exceptional in so young a dramatist, and the shadow of the approaching murder falls excitingly. There are loose ends, but the whole remains unmistakably ANOUILH.

Monime is beautifully played by DAPHNE SLATER, in a performance that moves sensitively through a wide range of emotions; and, greatly to FREDERICK BARTMAN's credit, he forces Frantz to be so convincing to himself that we almost forget the awkward facts. MAVIS EDWARDS' old martinet and BERNARD HORSFALL's simple-minded journalist are both good, and VOYTEK's sets help to establish our growing feeling of doom.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)
Waiting for Godot (Criterion—10/8/55), an oddity full of crazy wisdom. *Titus*

Andronicus (Stratford—24/8/55), vitriol expertly thrown. *Lucky Strike* (Apollo—21/9/55), a lively new comedy.

ERIC KEOWN

At the DUKE OF YORK'S:
The Punch Revue, with BINNIE HALE, produced by VIDA HOPE.

AT THE PICTURES



Blackboard Jungle
The Kentuckian

I AM not among those who would criticize *Blackboard Jungle* (Director: RICHARD BROOKS) on the ground that it presents a misleading picture of education in the U.S., or that it fails to suggest any solution or cure for what is clearly a terrifying problem. I don't care whether it's true or not, and if it is I don't demand an assurance that things can be improved. It is a very well done and absorbing film indeed and what it shows could be true, in its limited field; that's enough.

Its limited field . . . This is not U.S. education in general, but one specialized corner of it: the field of the vocational trade school, where youths who are mostly in jobs go to acquire certain refinements such as the ability to express themselves grammatically on paper. The central character is a young man who genuinely wants to teach, in the not unreasonable assumption that most of his pupils will want to learn; but he very soon finds his mistake. In his class of thirty-five, no one with a sneaking wish to learn is going to venture to reveal it when the whole tone of the place is redolent of contempt for all teachers and the average pupil's aim seems to be no more than to have an amusing time by mocking them.

This is putting it too mildly: Rick Dadier (GLENN FORD), in his first teaching job at North Manual Trades



Monime—DAPHNE SLATER

La Duchesse de Granat—MAVIS EDWARDS

Frantz—FREDERICK BARTMAN

School in New York, finds not merely contemptuous amusement but active enmity, the signs of which range all the way from verbal abuse to the crack of a baseball into the blackboard beside his head as he is writing and the climactic incident in which a disgruntled pupil threateningly snaps open a sheath-knife.

Out of school, of course, anything can happen: he and a colleague are waylaid and beaten up one night for no better reason than that he let the authorities know the identity of a young tough he found attacking a woman teacher in the library . . .

All this may sound almost comically exaggerated; but I say again, it is admirably done and intensely absorbing. The director wrote the script from EVAN HUNTER's novel and he has skilfully shown the development of a different mood in Dadier's class (or in the leaders of it) so that the climax—which has the others at last taking the master's side against the one unrepentant villain with the knife—seems quite credible. Mr. FORD is excellent as the dedicated teacher and the other parts are all well taken, but it is the accomplished way the director-scriptwriter has used the original novel that means as much as anything.

The Kentuckian (Director: BURT LANCASTER) might be called a period Western, except that its scene hardly moves west of Kentucky. But it is that sort of picture: its hero is a backwoodsman on his way to Texas, where he hopes to find "more room" ("In Kentucky you can't hardly move"), and at first he and his little son are to be seen mostly in the open air. "All we knew," he ruefully observes later after unfortunate experiences in rather more built-up areas, "was to roam free in the woods shootin' our meals," and it is enjoyable to watch them at it on the CinemaScope screen.

The time is the early eighteen-hundreds and the heroine is a bondwoman; hence a good deal of play with the hero's sacrifice in buying her freedom with his "Texas money." It's a simple, pleasant story in which the characters (including Mr. LANCASTER, who stars as well as directing) are as picturesque as the scenery. I read—and at one or two points it is obvious—that our censors have cut scenes of brutality, and there seems to be a tendency because of this either to regard the film with amused indulgence as if what is left were not worth taking seriously, or to regard it with disapproval because Mr. LANCASTER should be ashamed of himself for including those scenes in the first place. I can only say that I quite liked the thing as it stands and I think plenty of other people will enjoy it.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Through some aberration I forgot to mention *French Cancan* (7/9/55) in last



Richard Dadier—GLENN FORD

(Blackboard Jungle)

week's "Survey": this is still deservedly packing them in in London. *Rififi* (13/7/55) is first-rate in a different style. A new one I enjoyed is *Pete Kelly's Blues*, a period—1927—jazz-and-gangsters melodrama with crackling dialogue and lovingly reconstructed detail.

Not one of the new releases was reviewed here, except for the reissued *The Man in the White Suit* (22/8/51), only two were press-shown, and as it happens I didn't see those; but I hear good reports of *Love Me or Leave Me* (see "Survey," 7/9/55).

RICHARD MALLETT



IN THE PRESS

I Remember Dylan

PARISH priests and newsvendors alone should comment on popular papers at this moment. Fleet Street is as nervous as neon. After all the efforts of the *Daily Express*, the *People* of all papers persuaded the Foreign Office to own up about Burgess and Maclean. Commercial television has begun and a major newspaper circulation war is mounting. Three daily papers have gone up to 2d, while the *Express* and *Mail* stay at 1½d. The general rumour in Fleet Street is that "intrigue is so bad, old man, that executives are stabbing each other in the chest."

For relief I turned to the book pages of the more pretentious publications and discovered that Dylan Thomas is in review and revelation, once again. To a man, the Great Russell Street Welsh are once more admitting that they were at school with him in Swansea. London cafeteria society stirs in recollection of the lion in the lap. The publication of

The Collected Memories of Dylan Thomas cannot now be long delayed.

Mr. John Davenport in the *Observer* confesses that he rewrote the Thomas story "How to be a Poet." In *Vogue* he begins his recollections on a fashionable note: *It is over twenty years now since in a London pub I met a snub-nosed little being with a check cap perched on his dirty curls—an explosive mixture of Rimbaud and Verlaine.*

In the *Sunday Times* Mr. Richard Hughes expends much of his valuable space in actually reviewing *Adventures in the Skin Trade* and contents himself with a mention that Dylan, "the never dull midnight talker we all knew," used to stay with him. But no student of the subject will forget Mr. Hughes' notice of *Under Milk Wood*: *Even the watching eye of the policeman was moist with appreciation the night Dylan thumped a certain tiresome head on the cobbles.*

Possibly afraid of the tag of provincialism, the *Scarborough Evening News* touches upon Thomas's "rather beery verbosity." Dealing with *A Prospect of the Sea*, for *Country Life*, Mr. Richard Church recalls that the young Thomas looked "like a painted cherub," while Mr. Philip Oakes in *Truth* reflects that he had "hair the colour of bitter beer and a nose like a swollen cork." Having dealt with the poet's worries, his bills and his work, Mr. Oakes hastily concludes: *It is ironical, if perhaps inevitable, that his greatest success has been posthumous, but I think it likely that Thomas himself would have found the situation funny.*

The tragedy of the situation is that Dylan Thomas could not write a proper appreciation of his critics and his friends.

MARSHALL PUGH



ON THE AIR

Channel 9

THE commercial television balloon went up last

Thursday without a hitch of any kind. Technically the programmes were beyond reproach, slick and dead on time, but qualitatively they were of little account, a hotch-potch of items lifted from Lime Grove's repertoire.

After the opening ceremony from Guildhall (an excusably tedious business full of pious hopes and parliamentary clichés) there was little apart from the advertisements to interest regular viewers. At 8.15 exactly the first batch of ads. hit the screen, "S.R." toothpaste, Cadbury's drinking chocolate and Summer County margarine, and thereafter it was rather like election night with tasty morsels of news coming through at odd intervals. I found these "spots" inoffensive and witless, and they exasperated me only when they replaced the inter-round summaries of a professional boxing contest. How I shall feel about them in six months' time is another matter.

I.T.N. or Independent Television News began well, with Aidan Crawley outlining his plans and Chris Chataway trotting fluently through the news headlines; but we don't yet know whether this personal and conversational approach to current affairs will prove more acceptable than the stiff and formal presentation favoured by the B.B.C. I have an idea though that Chataway will prove to be the first commercial "find."

There is not much more to be said about I.T.A.'s gala night. There were fashion items, lumps of variety, excerpts from popular stage successes, interviews with celebrities and so on—all very much



First Steps
SIR KENNETH CLARK SIR ROBERT FRASER
DR. CHARLES HILL

as the B.B.C. has taught us to expect. The only memorable laugh line was the comment that Sir John Barbirolli would shortly appear "through a little tiny door" to conduct Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture. On the whole a dull evening.

The Press has greeted the arrival of commercial television by reviving the controversy of a year ago, though many editorials have been coloured by a transparent pyrotechnic display of sectional interest. Surprisingly the *Express*, one of the loudest organs of free enterprise and competition, now advocates the transfer of the I.T.A. to B.B.C. control—the "whole set-up is futile in its present form... Take the step now—in time to avoid a fiasco!" The *Express*, unlike certain of its competitors, has no direct interest in the new service and can announce with undisguised glee that "standards are bound to deteriorate rapidly compared with the B.B.C.", and that "In America businessmen are giving up this method of advertising," a hasty

conclusion drawn apparently from a report that Philip Morris, the cigarette people, have cancelled "two big commercial TV. contracts." But a little internecine "knocking" is to be expected.

More surprising—and far more dangerous—are the appeals made to the two services to quarrel amicably, and to differ in neat complementary compartments. Mr. Prince Littler, Chairman of the Associated Broadcasting Company, suggests that "there are some fields that it (I.T.A.) will do best to leave to the B.B.C." and "other fields that the B.B.C. may do best to leave to the activities of the commercial companies." The result of this friendly arrangement, it is hoped, would be "a balanced television service for

all viewers." Much the same idea has been expressed by many critics and unofficial B.B.C. spokesmen. Mr. Gilbert Harding, for example, has written: "Sooner or later, one hopes that the I.T.A. and the B.B.C., after a few preliminary skirmishes (not without perhaps a little blood-letting) may be able to agree on their separate spheres of influence."

In other words, let's have *two* monopolies.

If there are in fact to be separate fields and spheres of influence there is absolutely no justification for the I.T.A., and the *Express* is right to propose an extension of the B.B.C. monopoly. The idea of a "free" television service won popular approval merely because it promised competition all along the line, and it will be nothing less than a betrayal of public opinion if commercial interests now decide that the market should be rigged. I have already drafted an appeal to the Monopolies Commission—just in case.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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(An imaginary excerpt from “Nicholas Nickleby”)

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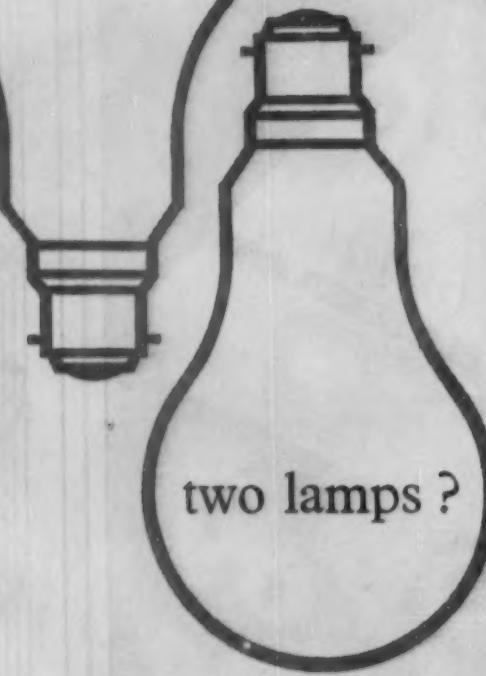


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Punch, September 28 1955

Shell Nature Studies

EDITED BY
JAMES FISHERNO.
9

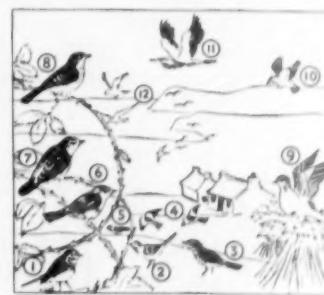
SEPTEMBER flyway



Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder.

COASTING DOWN SCOTLAND'S CHAIN OF NORTHERN ISLANDS and East Highland shores comes an autumn rush of migrants, many driven across the North Sea by the prevailing easterly winds. Hatched this year in Lapland, a juvenile red-spotted bluethroat (1) crouches in the shelter of the brambles; also from Scandinavia comes a member of the 'white' or continental race of the pied wagtail (2) and that big, noisy thrush, the fieldfare (3). The snow-buntings (4) may have come from Iceland, the Lapland bunting (5) from Greenland. On passage to the warm Mediterranean and Africa are our familiar willow- and garden-warblers (6, 7), and the rare barred warbler (8) from Western Siberia, most frequent in Britain in the north isles at migration-time. Refuelling on the oat-stook is an Africa-bound turtle-dove (9); above it hawks a red-backed shrike (10). Often in September the common heron (11) wanders north from its breeding-grounds. The herring-gulls (12), residents throughout the year and always opportunists, glean among the stubbles.

Shell's monthly guide to wild flowers, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd., 38 William IV Street, W.C.2, at 6/6.



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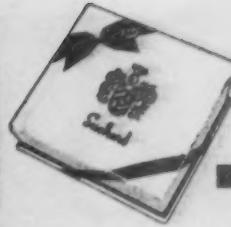
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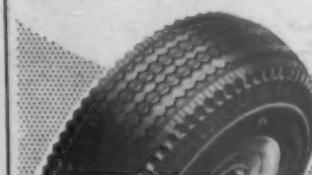
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